HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1215.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SOLVED.

THE MODERN ARCHIMEDES. "*Eureka! Eureka!*"

"Constant Vigilance" (committee) "is the price of Liberty" in San Francisco.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has come to be the leading paper for juvenile readers."—*Troy Budget.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 20, March 16, having completed the thirteen issues offered to new subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for 1880, no additional numbers will be sent out with* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *The publishers will mail* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *commencing with No. 21, and continuing until the end of the First Volume, which will conclude with the number dated October 26, 1880, making thirty-two numbers in all, postage free, to any address in the United States or Canada, upon receipt of One Dollar.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y. CITY.

NEW STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

The publishers take pleasure in announcing that a new story by the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Hand of Ethelberta," "The Return of the Native," and other popular novels, will begin in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. *It is entitled*

"FELLOW-TOWNSMEN,"

and it will be found to be one of the most entertaining stories that the author has yet written.

THE ELECTION LAWS.

THE election laws are intended to secure honest and peaceful elections. That is their sole purpose, and it is one in which every good citizen is interested. The Democrats opposed them on the ground that elections were under State control, and that these laws nullified State authority. This position has been overruled by the Supreme Court, which has affirmed the constitutionality of the laws, and, of course, of the appointment of the officers for which they provide. The Democrats in the House of Representatives, after a free debate, wisely decided not to repeat the folly of the extra session. Their most temperate leader in the retreat was General EWING, who counselled submission to the decision of the Supreme Court, but who believed that the time would come when the laws could be repealed. He said that the Democrats had been taught by the late elections that they must place their party above cavil and misrepresentation. But General EWING did not seem to see that the late elections were the verdict of the country upon the position which the Democratic party chose to take last year, and that his advice to place the party above cavil was therefore merely advice to abandon its position. While this is undoubtedly politic, General EWING is too sagacious a man not to see that it is a confession which does not help his party. It abandons its position either because it was unsound, or because it is expedient to seem to defer to public opinion. But neither reason wins for the party the confidence of the country. The Democratic proposition in the House was to withhold the appropriation for a certain class of officers authorized by the law. This was substantially the question of the extra session, and it would have imperiled the entire bill by offering the President the provision which he had already vetoed. Mr. GARFIELD met this position by proposing that the provision for the payment of the officers should remain, but that the officers should be selected equally from both parties.

This proposition Mr. GARFIELD justified by the consideration that without such a provision the law might be used for electioneering purposes. It was substantially a compromise, with very cogent reasons, and it was finally adopted. Mr. HAWLEY and other Republicans opposed it strenuously, because they would not favor "riders" upon appropriation bills, nor virtually modify the election laws; and Mr. S. S. COX and other Democrats opposed it with equal vehemence because they would not vote money to carry out what they held to be iniquitous laws. Mr. COX, in saying that he was "for wiping out" the whole law, added:

> "I never disguised it, and all the salt and sanctity on that side of the House can not save it. All that gentlemen on the other side can do to sugar over the devil himself can not save this law from deep damnation in the end. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. GARFIELD] yesterday, in answering what I said about the Supreme Court, indulged in a speech full of mystery, rhetoric, flimsy logic, and lies."

The Democratic case certainly does not gain by this kind of advocacy. The old question was raised of the extent of the binding authority of the Supreme Court. Practically, of course, if Congress refuses an appropriation to enforce a law which the court has declared to be constitutional, there is but one appeal, and it was that which JACKSON took—to the country. If the country reelects the majority which refuses to enforce the law, it decides against the court. But this is the very appeal which the Democratic party does not wish to take, and for the excellent reason that it has virtually made the appeal and has lost. Indeed, while the constitutionality of the election laws was as yet undecided, the Democratic party in Congress in the extra session took the ground of their unconstitutionality, and upon that position the verdict of the elections was rendered. Now that their constitutionality has been solemnly affirmed, and the country has decidedly expressed its opinion, the Democrats will not venture another appeal.

The Democratic action upon this question illustrates the fatal blunder of that party since the war ended. Had it been both wise and patriotic, it would have seen that the logic of the war and the public temper demanded and would sustain the Republican policy of reconstruction. Instead, therefore, of attempting to obstruct that policy by the assertion of the principles upon which secession was justified, and which the war was held to have annulled, it should have based its opposition upon such abuses of administration as it could discover and establish. The radical defect of its position during the war was that it was an unarmed opposition to the government itself, and the moment that it obtained a bare majority in Congress it took the same position, thoroughly alarming the country. Even now, in counselling caution and conformity to the decision of the court and to the verdict of the elections, Mr. EWING frankly announces that when the party feels itself to be strong enough, it will repeal the laws which protect honest voters and secure honest elections, and which are logical results of the principles established by the war. There is great complaint of the perpetual recurrence to the war issues. But wherever they have been raised, who has been responsible? The "bloody shirt" would not be a rallying cry, it would be silenced in general disgust and indignation, except that the Democratic party constantly excites universal distrust by such conduct as that of the extra session, and by the proposition to refuse to pay special deputies at elections. The Democratic majority in the House receded from its extreme position by adopting Mr. GARFIELD'S amendment, but not until its real feeling and purpose had been revealed. The principle of the amendment is just, and was approved by the President in his veto message last year. It aims to make the operation of the law more equable and satisfactory. That the change is a "rider" upon an appropriation bill is unfortunate, but the general welfare and the Republican cause can not lose by it.

COPYRIGHT.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S paper upon copyright in the *Fortnightly Review* is a bright and valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject, and it is especially agreeable because it takes the ground upon which some adjustment is practicable. The American view was admirably stated in Mr. CONANT'S article in *Macmillan's Magazine* last summer, and while Mr. ARNOLD objects to some parts of that article, he accepts its conclusions. The American view is that the English author should be paid, but that the English publisher should not control the American market. Mr. ARNOLD says, emphatically, "The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books," and he is also of opinion that they will not. They are not likely, he thinks, "to recognize the English author and publisher as Siamese twins, one of whom is not be imported without importing the other." But Mr. ARNOLD seems to forget that the English propositions for an international copyright have generally contemplated this twinship. The very last treaty which was offered by Lord CLARENDON was substantially a treaty for the benefit of English publishers, while the great body of the most distinguished English authors have cordially signed a declaration favorable to the American view.

Mr. ARNOLD'S argument is interesting, and to many of his fellow-authors in both countries, who hold firmly to the "natural right of property" of the author in his work, it will be surprising. He alludes to this general position of the guild of authors, and begins his discussion by remarking that the matter is very much simplified to him because he sees that men have no natural rights at all. An author has no natural right to a property in his literary production, because nobody has a natural right to anything which he may produce or acquire. He has, indeed, a strong instinct to possess it and dispose of it, but that is all; and one of the first objects of men in society is to gratify this instinct of the individual so far as it may be consistent with the advantage of the community. This protection is regulated in degree by the difficulty of giving complete ownership. A man breeds pheasants and chickens, for instance; but the moment his pheasants escape from his grounds, they may be taken by his neighbor, while his chickens escaping must be returned. The reason is the greater difficulty of securing his instinctive desire in regard to the pheasants than in regard to the chickens. Now the author's instinct to possess his work and to dispose of it is peculiarly difficult to protect. Hence the law gives him but a partial and limited property in it. Granting the assertion that his work is as much "property in itself" as his horse or his field, the law of protection in the two cases differs only because it is very much more difficult to secure his ownership in the one case than in the other. This argument is ingenious, but in its application fallacious, because if the law, despite all difficulty, will undertake to defend, and can effectively defend, a property right for fifty years, why not for a hundred, or for two hundred years? There will be no new form of difficulty to encounter, and if it can be overcome for half a century, or even for a whole century, as in cases of very early production and very long life, with the added term of protection, there is no obvious reason why the protection might not be maintained indefinitely, as it is with the horse and the field.

This, however, does not really affect the argument. Whatever the reason of the limitation of protection to this kind of property may be, the fact remains that in all civilized countries, excepting possibly Spain, only a limited right is acknowledged. The practical question in the present discussion, therefore, is upon what mutually just terms the enjoyment of that limited right can be secured to the American author in England and to the English author in America. The protection, or the limited right, is given, not because the work is recognized as property, but because of the general welfare and the interest of the community in the production of such works. Every community, however, must be the judge of its own interest, and while it is obviously the interest of this country that literary activity should be stimulated, it is equally its interest that literature should be cheap. It is consequently not its interest, as Mr. ARNOLD truly says, that the English system of dear books should be introduced into the United States. "Here," says Mr. ARNOLD, "where lies the real gist of his contention, I am, after all, at one with Mr. CONANT." That will be more and more the conclusion of all who, waiving with Professor HUXLEY and Mr. ARNOLD, although each for a different reason, the question of "natural right" and "absolute property," cast about to find some common ground of justice and good sense on which to found a scheme which shall be equitable for both countries and for all interests involved. The fundamental principle of such a scheme, we believe with Mr. ARNOLD, has been laid down by Mr. CONANT.

INFORMATION WANTED.

WHAT is the meaning of the truculent assertion that it is necessary to nominate a candidate for the Presidency who, if elected, will take his seat? Has any candidate ever been elected who did not take his seat? There have been Presidents, indeed, who did not receive a majority of the popular vote. But has there ever been a candidate declared in the constitutional way to be elected who did not take his seat? Not one. Why, then, is it alleged with so much stringency that a candidate ought to be nominated who, if elected, will take his seat? Is there any doubt that General GRANT, or Mr. SHERMAN, or Mr. BLAINE, or Mr. WASHBURNE, or Mr. EDMUNDS, or Mr. TILDEN, or Mr. BAYARD, or General HANCOCK, would take his seat if constitutionally declared to be elected? Or is it doubtful that the patriotism of the country would support any President, of any party, so declared? If it is really necessary to vote for a candidate, not as the representative of principles and policies, but upon the ground that he will take his seat if elected, we have already fallen into anarchy, and the republic is at an end. The fatal mischief of this talk is that it implies and it familiarizes the public mind with the idea that a candidate may decide for himself whether he has been elected—and a more monstrous proposition could not be made. If it be sound this year, it was equally sound four years ago. But do those Republicans who now support this view really think that Mr. TILDEN, who believed that he was elected in 1876, ought to have made a push for the White House? The most reckless and anarchical Democratic demagogues are of that opinion. But is it shared by any sane Republicans?

The answer would be, probably, that Mr. TILDEN had no legal claim to the seat because Congress did not declare him to have been elected. But that is an acknowledgment that the candidate is not to be the judge of his own election. It is the admission—clearly a just and proper admission—that it is Congress, not the candidate, that lawfully decides and declares the result of the election. It will be then said, perhaps, that Congress intends to miscount the electoral vote next year, and to declare a candidate to be elected who has been rejected. But even if this be so, is it any more the right or the duty of the wronged candidate to decide and declare that he has been elected, and try to take his seat? Are universal revolution, civil war, and anarchy the only remedies for illegal or fraudulent conduct upon the part of Congress? If the Republicans should be the wronged party, they could not believe that they had been swindled more firmly than many Democrats believe that they were swindled in 1877; and if it be right for Republicans to appeal to civil war in 1881, it could not have been wrong for such Democrats to do the same thing in 1877. Republicans who favor any candidate for the reason that he will be sure to take his seat whether he be lawfully declared or not, not only join hands with the worst Democrats of 1877, but they insult the patriotism and loyalty both of the candidate and of the country. Whatever may be the form of a contention over the result of the election, no candidate can possibly undertake to decide it in his own favor except as a revolutionist. No man can act lawfully as an officer of the government until he has been lawfully commissioned, and certainly he can not commission himself.

All this kind of talk has been, and is, most unfortunate for the Republican cause. That cause appeals to the confidence, not to the fears, of the country. It is strong, not in a man, but in the people and in the law. To advocate a candidate upon the ground that if he thinks himself to be elected he will take his seat, while hundreds of thousands of armed men will arise to sustain him, is to outrage the just pride of a loyal and law-respecting people. Of course whoever is elected President will take his seat; but equally of course there is but one lawful way of knowing who is elected. The probabilities of a controversy, or of an opportunity of fraud in the Congressional count, are fortunately very limited. There are not likely to be conflicting certificates from any State; and if any serious question should arise, whatever anarchists and demagogues in or out of Congress may hope or try to do, the conservative and patriotic good sense of the people will not permit them to set the country by the ears, but will demand and provide a peaceful settlement.

PARTY MANŒUVRES.

THIS is a President-making Congress. Whatever is done politically is with a view to party position. But what do the Democrats expect to gain by the proposed unseating of Mr. KELLOGG in the Senate? The report of the Republican minority of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, signed by Messrs. G. F. HOAR, ANGUS CAMERON, and JOHN A. LOGAN, states that on the 13th of November, 1877, the Senate resolved that upon the merits of the case Mr. KELLOGG was entitled to a seat in the Senate, and that Mr. SPOFFORD was not entitled to a seat. Nothing has changed since that time, except the party majority in the Senate, and it is now proposed by that majority to unseat Mr. KELLOGG, and to seat Mr. SPOFFORD.

The case has been settled as finally as any such case can be. Mr. KELLOGG'S title to his seat can be no more rightfully re-opened than that of any of his colleagues. The principle of the proposed Democratic action, if once admitted, would lead to endless confusion and intolerable wrong, and the minority report declares emphatically that should the movement be consummated, it would be one of the great political crimes in American history. Mr. HILL, in presenting the majority report, said that the case was to be re-opened because of new evidence; but Mr. CARPENTER conclusively replied that upon such a theory no title to a seat could ever be considered to be settled. The truth is that in Mr. KELLOGG'S case, as in that of Mr. BUTLER, from South Carolina, the political situation was so confused that an adjustment upon a general understanding was considered to be the fairest settlement. But the settlement was conclusive, and to disturb it by a mere party majority, upon the plea of more evidence, raises a much more important question than if that of Mr. KELLOGG'S title to his seat, and that is the question of the spirit and purpose of the Democratic party.

Simultaneously with this extraordinary movement in the Senate an attempt is made in the House to unseat Mr. WASHBURN, of Minnesota, and to put Mr. IGNATIUS DON-

NELLY in his place. This would give the Democrats the control of the House by States, in case the Presidential election should fall to it. Looking at the situation, Republicans may well ask how, with the enormous advantages of position which the Republicans have had, the Democrats have acquired such a threatening advantage. Is it solely because of Democratic crimes in the Southern States, or is Republican management partly responsible? If the Republican party within the last ten years has lost something of the confidence of the country, so that it was almost overthrown four years ago, is it not mainly due to that party leadership which still aspires to lead?

THE COMMISSION TO CHINA.

THE State Department is to be credited with some excellent recent work. It has made a series of promotions in the consular service which secures tried capacity and character in important positions, and is, so far, an application of the true principle of a civil service. We have seen no evidence that the welfare either of the country or of the party has been imperiled by this proceeding, nor have we heard a word of allusion to monarchical precedent, or even to visionary and impracticable politics. Indeed, why common-sense is more visionary in politics than in other affairs has never been explained.

The appointment of the commission to China is also altogether commendable. President ANGELL, of the University of Michigan, a gentleman of the best character and ability, of great urbanity and sagacity and accomplishment, has been selected as Minister to China to succeed Mr. SEWARD. Mr. SWIFT, of California, an eminent lawyer, who is perfectly familiar with the feeling in regard to Chinese immigration, and Mr. TRESCOTT, of South Carolina, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, and a trained and experienced publicist, are associated with President ANGELL in a commission for the negotiation of a satisfactory treaty with China. This is a much better way of dealing with the Chinese question than the rough-and-ready method that was advocated last year, and there is no reason to doubt that a just treaty will now be concluded.

The appointments are so excellent, and the impression of them so universally agreeable, that, since the conditions of success in such matters are so plain, it is singular that they should ever be forgotten or mistaken by the appointing power. It is very long since the foreign representation of this country has been so satisfactory as it is under the administration of President HAYES. It is clearly giving the "d—— littery fellers" their innings, and to the great honor and advantage of the country.

A WORD WITH "HARVEY BIRCH."

"HARVEY BIRCH" writes to inquire whether, in our opinion, an employé of the government, like himself, after faithfully doing his official duty during the prescribed hours, may not then rightfully use all fair and honorable means to secure the election of a Presidential or other candidate whom he prefers, and whether, in fact, a citizen in the civil service "has no franchise rights which civil service reform is bound to respect."

The question is asked in good faith, and the answer is not that such an employé might not properly do what he describes, but that as a rule official interference in elections is the vice and peril of our politics, and, pending a reform of the system, it must be corrected by general, even if temporary, rules. It is evident that if there are two hundred thousand voters whose livelihood depends upon the persons or party in power, their politics will generally be the retention in power of those persons or that party, and this, of course, would defeat the proper object of an election, which is the honest choice of this or that public policy. Experience proves, what knowledge of human nature suggests, that when civil appointments are due to personal, or political, or party favor, the incumbent will not hesitate to allow party "work" to intrude upon official duty. When Mr. CORNELL was Surveyor of this port he was also chairman of the New York State Committee during a Presidential election, and his real headquarters for some months were not in the Surveyor's Office, but at the rooms of the State Committee. This kind of neglect of official duty is inseparable from a system of patronage, and it is naturally and easily forgiven by those who profit by it. The way to secure the honest attention of every incumbent to his duty is to give him a tenure which does not make it his advantage at every election to neglect his duty. But until such a tenure is given, it is right to protect the public against such neglect by limiting his political action.

As for respecting his political rights as a citizen, if "Harvey Birch" will pardon the phrase, the boot is on the other foot altogether. It is the office-holder, with the appointing and removing power, who comes into a caucus or Convention with gangs of men to do his bidding who are dependent upon his favor, and paid by him with the public money, who infringes the political rights of citizens. His patronage is bribery, and he bribes with money that is not his own. Patronage is the perversion of the public money to personal ends, not its use for the public welfare. During the elections for the late State Conventions votes were bought by the promise of place, and nothing is more common and familiar. The same thing appears under other aspects. Certainly neither the interest of the State of New York, nor even of the Republican party, required the retention of Mr. SMYTH, or the removal of trained, able, and admirable Assessors and stanch Republicans like Messrs. BRIGGS and HADLEY, nor of so competent and experienced a Health Officer as Dr. VANDERPOEL. Mr. LAMB, the efficient Bank Superintendent, is also understood to be marked for removal. All this is the reward of personal political service. It is not done to promote the welfare of the public or of Republican principles, but to aid a certain clique of Republican politicians, who, while removing unswerving Republicans, maintain an understanding with Tammany Hall and the worst elements of the Democratic party. It is an abuse which springs necessarily from our evil system of the public service. When "Harvey Birch's" tenure of office is his efficiency and honesty—but not till then—there will be no complaint of his political activity.

HOW THEY MANAGE IN GERMANY.

A LATE article by Professor VON SCHULTE upon Bureaucracy in Germany is a very valuable contribution to the history of administration. He finds much to condemn, especially in the matter of factitious rank and titles; but some of his conclusions, involving principles which are limited to no country or form of government, are well worth attention. In his "Kin beyond Sea" Mr. GLADSTONE mentions the very inconsiderable number of minor administrative officers in England who change places with the election. The consequence is that the election is a choice of policies, not a fight for spoils, while there is ample room for the play of legitimate political ambitions.

In Prussia the Minister, the under-secretaries of state, the ministerial directors, the superior presidents, the presidents of provincial governments, and the officers of police are the only officials who can be removed at pleasure; all the others can be removed against their will only by a direct sentence of condemnation. Hence, says Professor VON SCHULTE, a feeling of security, and along with it a special feeling of professional honor. These are two feelings indispensable to a self-respecting and efficient service, and they are necessarily unknown in our American service. This is the reason, as our author adds, why hardly a single state in the world has a more honorable set of functionaries than the German states, and especially Prussia. As a class it is stainless, and bribes are virtually unknown. The service thinks well of itself, and it deserves to do so. This is the explanation of the fact that ministers do not find their subordinates pliant instruments of their will, and that many plans fail because these officers oppose them.

These are principles which are not peculiar to a monarchy; they are true of human nature everywhere, and applied to our own civil service they would produce results which would enable an American to praise its self-respect and efficiency as gladly as he praises those qualities in the army and navy.

THE MONUMENT AT SARATOGA.

THE Saratoga Monument Association has made a strong appeal to the Legislature for aid in the erection of a monument to commemorate the surrender of BURGOYNE. Congress would doubtless help if the State showed any interest or zeal in the enterprise, and there is none which appeals more strongly to the patriotic pride of New York. The surrender of BURGOYNE was the turning-point of the Revolution, and it was upon the soil of New York, only about twenty miles from the capital. It is the great and crowning Revolutionary event within the State, and the State should gladly and generously commemorate it. Little Vermont is liberally aiding the erection of a monument at Bennington, but the action at Bennington was but an episode of the great campaign which ended in the surrender at Saratoga. Why should New York hesitate?

It is true that other famous battles were fought within the State. There were Long Island, Stony Point, Oriskany, Fort Clinton, Fort Schuyler, Cherry Valley—memorable and heroic fields; but there was only one Saratoga. The campaign that was to be decisive, which was heralded with boastings, and begun with apparently resistless pomp and force, which was to seize and occupy the Hudson, divide New England from the rest of the country, subdue the Revolution, and recover the colonies, was a campaign in New York, and it was baffled in New York so completely that American independence was secured upon the field of Saratoga.

However important other events within the State were, however brave and heroic other battles, Saratoga was the great event, the decisive battle. This would be willingly conceded on every side. The State may justly choose which event or events it will commemorate, and it is not bound in any way to favor all because it decides to signalize the greatest. If it will not aid the movement for a monument at Saratoga, the project must be relinquished, and the failure would be another illustration of that singular want of legitimate State pride with which New York has been often reproached.

A STEP FORWARD.

IN confirmation of the accuracy of the report of the Commission upon county jails, to which we alluded last week, the Grand Jury of the Court of Sessions in Suffolk County has just presented the Suffolk County jail as a nuisance, upon the very grounds alleged by the report as common to such prisons throughout the State. The presentment declares that the internal arrangements are "deplorable," as they do not provide for the separation of the sexes, and mix detained witnesses with hardened criminals. In violation of law, also, children under sixteen years of age are confined in the prison, and the lack of proper ventilation and sewerage injures the health of the inmates, while the frequent escapes show the insecurity of the building. This action was taken at the instance of the Local Visiting Committee, and the jail has been presented in the same way a dozen times before.

Such a building is a shame to the county in which it exists, and its frequent presentation without remedial action is an impeachment of the public spirit of the community. We are glad to observe that the exposure of the abuses in jail management, made in the report to which we called attention, has led Senator ROBERTSON to introduce a bill for a "State Board of Prison Inspectors," of five members, to be appointed by the Governor, and to visit at least once a year every jail and penitentiary in the State, with power to examine all officers and inmates upon oath, and to inspect all books, papers, and accounts, their authority to be enforced by the courts and local boards of legislation.

The Commission recommended, besides a State board, a county board of visitation and correction of two resident citizens, to be associated with the Sheriff, and to be appointed by the County Judge. This would make the supervision more complete and efficient, and it is evident that Senator ROBERTSON's bill is an important step in the right direction, for no public subject demands action and reform more imperatively than the care of the jails and charitable institutions. One abuse should be at once prohibited, and that is the committal of insane patients to the county poor-houses. Indeed, the whole subject is worthy the most careful attention of the most intelligent legislators.

S. O. A. P.

ONE of the most offensive nicknames ever applied to a man in high ecclesiastical position was that of "Soapy Sam" to the late Bishop WILBERFORCE. In a recent sketch Lord HOUGHTON gives an excellent portrait of the bishop, whose friends always seemed to doubt whether he had not mistaken his vocation. It is evident that he was held to be a most secular prelate, and tested by the standard of some of the older dignitaries of his Church and other Churches—with LATIMER and RIDLEY in his own communion, for instance, or with FÉNELON and the Canadian Jesuits, or with ASBURY and the early Methodists—Bishop WILBERFORCE undoubtedly more resembles the witty, polished, and accomplished French abbé of the last century.

The origin of the familiar nickname Lord HOUGHTON states as follows: "The students of Cuddesden College, wishing to celebrate both the bishop and their principal, ALFRED POTT, on some festive occasion, placed on one pillar the initials S. O. [SAMUEL, Oxford, the name of the Bishop's see], and on another A. P. The combination was taken up in a satiric spirit, and the bishop himself said it was owing to the alliteration with his unfortunate Christian name. I do not know whether the excellent retort that the name was given him because he was always in hot water, and always came out with clean hands, was his own or some defender's; but to those who understood his character the *sobriquet* was by no means appropriate: the charm of his persuasiveness was its natural and cheerful character, and, supposing any insincerity, it never showed itself upon the surface."

Once, indeed, when Lord Chancellor WESTBURY made a vulgar and insulting allusion to the nickname in the House of Lords, the bishop repelled it with great dignity, rebuking the Chancellor very effectively. Lord HOUGHTON, however, evidently doubts whether a bishop ought to shine as a wit at breakfast parties and club dinners, and with just that suspicion of a sting which was formerly said to characterize the comments of Mr. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, he says, "It will be difficult not to confront the question whether the mode of life in which he was eminently successful was consistent with his prelatical position."

PERSONAL.

IN one of the letters which the late CRAUFURD TAIT wrote to his parents during a visit to New York occurs this paragraph: "*September* 29.—Dined with Dr. and Mrs. MORGAN DIX. Met the Bishop and Miss POTTER. An oyster dinner in my honor. Dr. D. is very delightful, *when you know him*. Met General MCCLELLAN and the Bishop of Georgia." Certainly a very charming party. The impression is quite general, we believe, that the accomplished rector of Trinity is "very delightful, *when you know him*," and he is known to a very wide circle of the best and cleverest people in America.

—The illustrious painter RAPHAEL was born on Good-Friday, and died on Good-Friday.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD is said to be in as perfectly good health and spirits as he has been at any time in many years; and he is so good a walker that he tires out his lady friends who venture to attempt pedestrian exercise with him.

—Colonel ROBERT INGERSOLL, of Illinois, seems to have an exact appreciation of the effect his peculiar views about religion have had upon his political aspirations. Not long since a gentleman, who saw upon his table a copy of Voltaire, inquired, "How much did this book cost you?" The colonel answered, "The Governorship of Illinois."

—The late General WILLIAM B. TIBBITS, of Troy, whose will has just been admitted to probate, bequeathed $100,000 for the establishment of a soldiers' home in Troy, to be known as the "Tibbits Home," provided that $50,000 additional be raised by subscription within five years from the date of his death, which occurred in the early part of last month. In the event of failure to raise the additional sum, the $100,000 are to be equally divided between his brother and sister and two nephews. The Tibbits Veteran Corps and the Tibbits Cadets, named after the deceased general, each receive $8333 34. With the exception of a few other small bequests, the residue of the estate, estimated at upward of $500,000, is to be equally divided between his brother, C. E. DUDLEY TIBBITS, his sister, Mrs. JOHN WOOL GRISWOLD, and his nephews, LEGRAND C. and EDWARD DUDLEY TIBBITS. General TIBBITS was a son of the millionaire GEORGE M. TIBBITS, who died nearly two years ago, and whose will has not yet been offered for probate.

—Mr. GEORGE REMSEN, of the firm of CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, booksellers and publishers, of Philadelphia, died in that city March 22, at the age of sixty-five. His connection with the book trade embraced a period of forty-five years, and he was known as an intelligent, energetic, honorable, and sagacious man of business.

—Bishop LAY, of Easton, Maryland, expresses his belief that it is a grave question whether there can be any religion without severe morality. Conversion, experiences, rejoicings, apostolic ministries, laying on of hands, and holy sacraments, he says, are little worth unless they make us to keep our bodies clean, to tell the truth, to pay our debts, and to show mercy to the poor.

—The Lord Mayor of London having recently for the first time in the history of that city invited to an official dinner at the Mansion House one of the literary and artistic clubs of London—the Savage Club—and having toasted the club, was responded to by the Earl of Dunraven on behalf of the Savages, who did so with entire propriety, his lordship having at one time been a working man of letters. As Viscount ADAIR, he acted as special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*; and often he playfully confesses that at that time he found the pay a very desirable adjunct of the employment.

—Dean STANLEY is the last celebrity who has been sketched in the London *World*, which, among other things, says: "The humanizing power of his apostleship has been illustrated not less on extra-professional than on professional occasions. Well born, well bred, well connected, with much natural wit, some humor, and a keen insight into the weaknesses and foibles of society, Dean STANLEY has made himself a *persona grata* in drawing-rooms and at dinner tables. No divine, if only he knows his audience, ever told a story better; and with the memory of SAMUEL WILBERFORCE as a *raconteur*, this is a great deal to say. His vein, indeed, is that of narrative rather than of badinage or repartee; but his anecdotes are admirable of their sort; and he has an extraordinary power of conveying genuine information in the most airy and sparkling manner. In general society he seems to lend the same kind of attraction to topics of solid knowledge that the aroma of Russia leather does to the contents of a library. No eminent Churchman of our time has done half so much to promote an acquaintance with antiquities and miscellaneous culture."

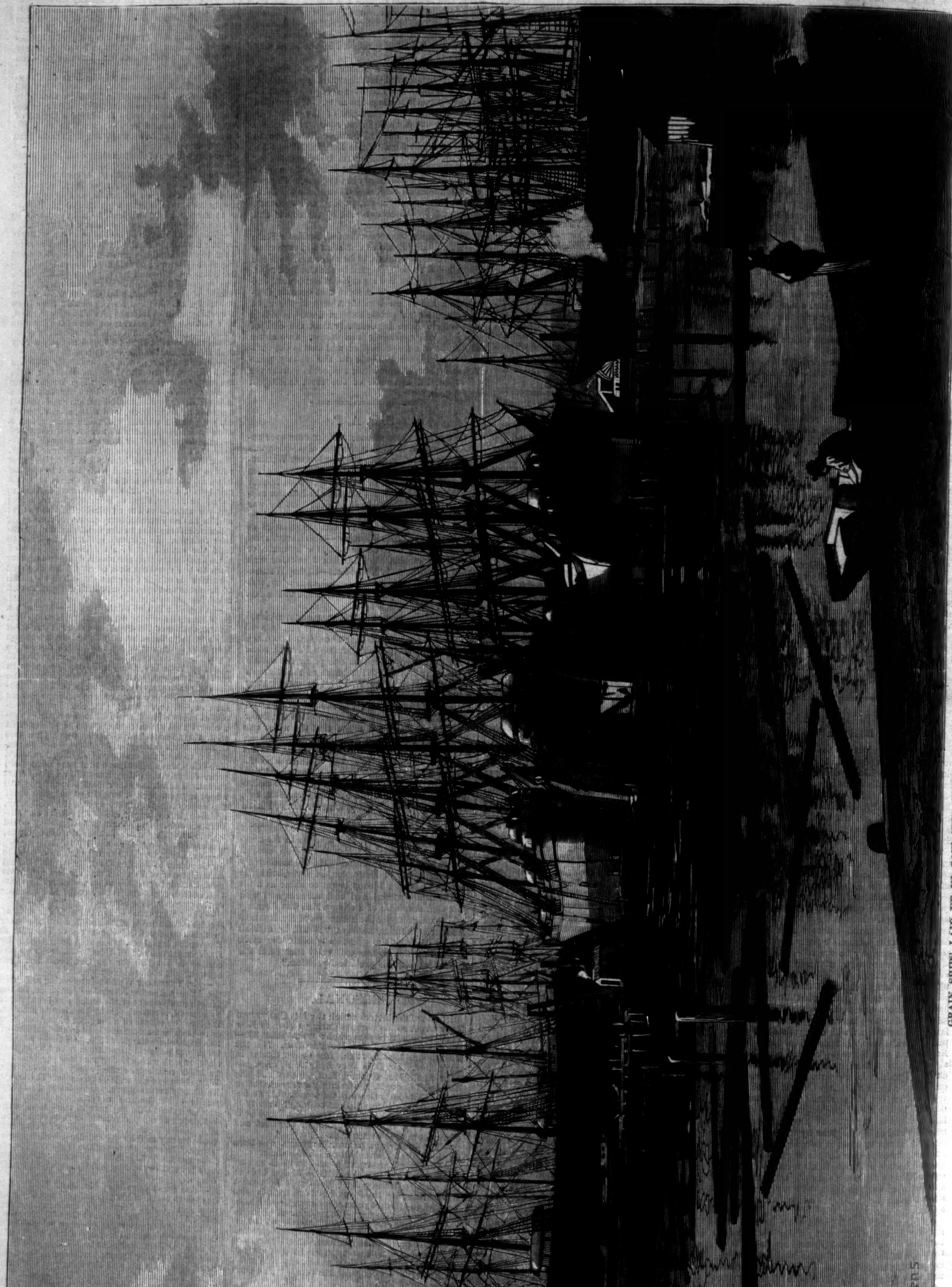
—A teacher in one of the public schools in a New Hampshire city writes as follows to Mr. KNOX, author of *The Boy Travellers*: "Your book has been introduced into my department, and you would be delighted to see how much my pupils enjoy it. We devote half an hour every day to *The Boy Travellers*, the pupils taking turns in reading it aloud. All are anxious to have the time of reading arrive, and you never saw an audience at a lecture more eager than my scholars are to catch every word. There are unruly pupils in every school, and I have my share. Yesterday I told them that all who were deficient with their lessons, or received more than one demerit mark during the day, should not be permitted to hear the reading of *The Boy Travellers*. The effect was magical, and they have never been more orderly than they were after I made that threat. I think the other schools in the city will adopt my plan, and it would not surprise me if the supervising committee took the matter up, and bought copies for each of the ward and district schools. I am confident that they could not do anything more beneficial to the pupils, and earnestly hope they will try it."

—Mr. LITTLEFIELD, the Republican candidate for Governor of Rhode Island, is a wealthy thread manufacturer of Pawtucket. He is a self-made man, having begun life as an operative in a Natick cotton mill. He is fifty-one, and a member of the present State Senate.

—The first volume of Mr. GEDDES's *History of the Administration of John de Witt*, soon to appear in this country from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS, has been translated into Dutch by Dr. VAN DEVENTER, of Dordrecht, and a special edition in English for the Continent has been brought out at the Hague.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED's interesting article in the Albany *Evening Journal* of March 22, on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that paper by himself, is remarkable for its historic interest. It gives the names of a long list of persons who have been most distinguished in the politics of this State since the year 1830. Of those who entered into political association with him at that time, or with whom he formed close personal and business relations, scarcely any survive. Mr. WEED is one of the unique characters of the age. Resolutely refusing every temptation to accept public office, he has nevertheless been, to a greater extent than any man in the country, the WARWICK of his party, making Governors, Senators, Congressmen, and officials of every sort as absolutely as if he were clothed with imperial power. The ascendency of the Whig and Republican parties in this State is largely due to the sagacity and organizing ability displayed by Mr. WEED.

—The many friends of Mr. BRET HARTE will be glad to learn of his promotion from the comparatively insignificant and inadequately paid office of commercial agent at Crefeld, Germany, to the highly important position of consul at Glasgow—the second city in point of population in Great Britain, and next to London and Liverpool in point of consular emolument, the salary being $3000 a year, and the duty not too great. When NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was consul at Liverpool, one of his most uncongenial duties was the taking of depositions of sailors—swearing them, as he says, "on the office Bible, *greasy with perjuries*." Doubtless Mr. HARTE will have more or less of the same irksome duty to perform, but he will have the compensating comfort of being in a city where the American language is spoken with some degree of purity, and where he will be received with the cordiality that is always extended to successful authorship, especially when supplemented, as in his case, by exceptionally rare social powers.



GRAIN SHIPS LAID UP IN GOWANUS CREEK.—WAITING FOR CARGOES.—Drawn by Fred. S. Cozzens.—[See Page 231.]

"GRE'T KING! YO' DON'T CALL DAT A RABBIT?"—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

OF the present generation it is only the small boy who takes any prominent part in the customs and ceremonies of "All-fools' Day." Mischievous urchins play pranks on each other and on their elders; but adult humanity, or rather that portion of it which is possessed of a modicum of common-sense and cultivation, agrees in denouncing the practical joke as an abomination. If we want evidence of how much our race has improved in delicacy, in manners, and in sentiment, we have only to look through old records, and find how our ancestors, recent and remote, took advantage of this anniversary to demean themselves after a fashion which nowadays would cause them to be thrust outside the pale of respectable society.

The various tricks by which the wit of the community used formerly to manifest itself would make up a long list, but the following are a few of the pastimes by which persons fully arrived at years of discretion used to entertain themselves. A waggish young lady, aware that her dearest friend Eliza Louisa had a rather empty-headed youth dangling after her with little encouragement, would send him a billet desiring him to call upon the object of his affections at a particular hour, when, instead of receiving a welcome, he finds himself treated as an intruder, and by-and-by discovers that he has not advanced his reputation for sagacity, or the general prospects of his suit. The great object was to catch some person off his guard; to pass off upon him as a simple fact something barely possible, and which had no truth in it; to impose upon him so as to make him appear absurd before a laughing circle of by-standers. Of course for April-fooling it was necessary to have some degree of coolness, and an ability to control the features. It may also be remarked that a large proportion of the business was effected before and about the time of breakfast, while as yet few had had occasion to remember what day of the year it was, and before a successful effort at victimizing some one person had warned the rest of their danger.

Sometimes an opportunity was taken by ultra-jocular persons to carry out some extensive hoax upon society. For example, some twenty years ago a large number of people in London received through the post a card having the following inscription, with a seal marked by an inverted sixpence at one of the angles, thus having, to superficial observers, an official appearance: "Tower of London. Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April 1, 1860. Admittance only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their Assistants." The trick is said to have been highly successful. Cabs were heard rattling about Tower Hill all that Sunday morning, vainly endeavoring to discover the White Gate. It is remarkable that any such trick should have succeeded in imposing upon a large number of persons. A few might naturally have been deceived, but the mass, one would think, were not likely to be so unwary.

The literature of the last century is full of allusions to the tricks played on All-fools' Day. The *Spectator*, that amiable looker-on upon the vices and follies of mankind, says: "A neighbor of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred fools. My landlady had a falling out with him one fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she termed it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny worth of incle at a shoe-maker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April-fools."

SWIFT, in his journal to Stella, enters under the date March 31, 1713, the interesting fact that he, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, and Lady MASHAM had been amusing themselves that evening by contriving "a lie for to-morrow." A person named NOBLE had been hanged a few days before. The lie which these three laid their heads together to concoct was that NOBLE had come to life again in the hands of his friends, but had been arrested by the sheriff, and was then at the Black Swan, in Holborn, in the custody of a messenger. "We are all," says SWIFT, "to send to our friends to know whether they have heard of it, and so we hope it will spread." The next day the learned dean duly sent his servant to several houses to inquire among the footmen, not letting his own

man into the secret. But nothing could be heard of the resuscitation of Mr. NOBLE, whence he concluded that his colleagues "did not contribute" as they ought to have done.

Little or nothing seems to be known regarding the origin of All-fools' Day, and of the customs with which its celebration is attended. Many theories on the subject are advanced, but now and then there is a writer who, like the author of the following verses in *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1760, contents himself with a simple avowal of the universal ignorance that others seek to disguise.

"The 1st of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All-fools' Day;
But why the people call it so
Nor I nor they themselves do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment;
And though the day is known before,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these forgetfuls to be found,
Who're sent to dance Moll Dixon's round;
And having tried each shop and stall,
And disappointed at them all,
At last some tells them of the cheat,
Then they return from the pursuit,
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done.
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed—
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent."

The theory has been advanced, but apparently without very much to support it, that the custom of imposing upon and ridiculing people on the 1st of April may have an allusion to the mockery of the Saviour of the world by the Jews. Something like what we call making April-fools is practiced abroad in some Catholic countries on Innocents' Day, on which occasion people run through all the rooms of the house, making a pretended search, in memory, perhaps, of the search made by HEROD for the child Jesus, and his having been imposed upon and deceived by the wise men, who, contrary to his orders, "returned to their own country another way."

In a copy of the *British Apollo*, published in 1708, appears the following query: "Whence proceeds the custom of making April-fools?" If we may trust the "Answer" that is appended, it may not improperly be derived from a memorable transaction mentioned by DIONYSIUS as having occurred between the Romans and the Sabines: "The Romans, about the infancy of the city, wanting wives, and finding they could not obtain the neighboring women by their peaceable addresses, resolved to make use of a stratagem, and accordingly ROMULUS instituted certain games to be performed in the beginning of April (according to the Roman calendar) in honor of Neptune. Upon notice thereof the bordering inhabitants, with their whole families, flocked to Rome to see this mighty celebration, when the Romans seized upon a great number of the Sabine virgins and ravished them, which imposition we suppose may be the foundation of this foolish custom."

In some cases the custom of making fools in April is originally ascribed to the Jews, and is said to have begun from the mistake made by NOAH, in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the day of the calendar among the Hebrews which corresponds to our 1st of April; and to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance it was thought proper to punish whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch. One writer sums up our common ignorance regarding the origin of All-fools' Day as follows: "It can not be connected with the 'Feast of the Ass,' for that would be on Twelfth-Day; nor with the ceremony of the 'Lord of Misrule' in England, nor of the 'Abbot of Unreason' in Scotland, for these frolics were held at Christmas. The writer recollects that he has met with a conjecture somewhere that April-day is celebrated as part of the festivity of New-Year's Day. That day used to be kept on the 25th of March. All antiquaries know that an octave, or eight days, usually completed the festivals of our forefathers. If so, April-day, making the octave's close, may be supposed to be employed in fool-making, all other sports having been exhausted in the seven foregoing days." DOUCE says, "I am convinced that the ancient ceremony of the 'Feast of Fools' has no connection whatever with the custom of making fools on the 1st of April."

April-fooling, the victims being called April-fish (poissons d'Avril), was very common in France but a short time ago. We also get traces of it in the literature of that country at an earlier period than we do in that of England. It is related, for instance, that FRANCIS, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity in Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt having been made on the 1st of April. The story reads that, "disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod upon his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish upon her back, they both, at an early hour of the day, passed through the gates of the city. A woman having a knowledge of their persons ran to the guard to give notice to the sentry. 'April-fool!' cried the soldier, and all the guard to a man shouted 'April-fool!' beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The Governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, became suspicious in regard to the matter, and ordered the prison to be visited. By the time the investigations were made, the duke and his wife were well on their way to the frontier. The 1st of April had saved them."

Mr. HAMPSON relates a curious tale of a French lady who on April 1, 1817, pocketed a watch in a friend's house, and when charged with the fact before a magistrate, said it was *un poisson d'Avril*—an April joke. On her denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments, who found it upon a chimney-piece, upon which the lady said she had made the messenger a *poisson d'Avril*. She was convicted, and imprisoned until April 1, 1818, then to be discharged, as the magistrate facetiously put it, "*like a poisson d'Avril*.

The custom of making fools on the 1st of April prevails among the Swedes, it being alluded to in TOREEN'S *Voyage to China*. In Germany we have the making of an April-fool described in the phrase "*Einen zum April schicken*." In Scotland the persons sent on such errands were called *corbies*, messengers. In the north of England persons thus imposed upon are called "April gouks." A gouk or gowk is properly a cuckoo, and is used metaphorically in vulgar language for a fool. The cuckoo is, indeed, everywhere a term of contempt. Gauch in the Teutonic is rendered *stultus*, fool, whence also our word goke, or gawky. In Scotland, upon April-day, they have also the custom of "hunting the gowk." This is done by sending silly people upon fools' errands from place to place by means of a letter, in which is written,

"On the first day of April
Hunt the gowk another mile."

There is in Nottinghamshire, England, about a mile south of the village of Gotham, an eminence whereon stands a bush known as the "Cuckoo Bush," and with it the following strange legend is connected. The bush, however, does not claim to be the original one, but was planted on its site as a memorial. The English monarch King JOHN, as the story goes, was marching toward Nottingham, and intended to pass through Gotham meadow. The villagers believed that the ground over which a king passed became forever afterward a public road, and not being minded to part with their meadow so cheaply, by some means or other they prevented the king from passing that way. Incensed at their proceedings, he sent soon after to inquire the reason of their rudeness and incivility, doubtless intending to punish them by fine or otherwise. When they heard of the approach of the messengers they were as anxious to escape the consequences of the monarch's displeasure as they had been to save their meadow. What time they had for deliberation, or what counsels they took, we are not told, but when the king's servants arrived, they found some of the inhabitants endeavoring to drown an eel in the pond, some dragging their carts and wagons to the top of a barn to shade a wood from the sun's rays, some tumbling cheeses down a hill in the expectation that they would find their way to Nottingham market, and some employed in hedging in a cuckoo that had perched upon a bush. In short, they were all employed in such a manner as to convince the king's officers that they were a village of fools, and consequently unworthy of his Majesty's notice. They, of course, having outwitted the king, imagined that they were wise. Hence arose the saying, "The wise fools of Gotham." FULLER says, alluding to this story, and to some others to which this gave rise, such as the *Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*, published in the time of HENRY VIII., "Gotham doth breed as wise people as any which causelessly laugh at their simplicity." They have also other defenders besides FULLER. Some skeptical poet, whose production has not immortalized his name, wrote:

"Tell me no more of Gotham fools,
Or of their eels in little pools,
Which they, we're told, were drowning;
Nor of their carts drawn up on high,
When King JOHN'S men were standing by,
To keep the wood from browning.

"Nor of their cheese shoved down the hill;
Nor of the cuckoo sitting still,
While it they hedged round:
Such tales of them have long been told
By prating boobies, young and old,
In drunken circles crowned.

"The fools are those who thither go
To see the cuckoo bush, I trow,
The wood, the barn, the pools;
For such are seen both here and there,
And passed by without a sneer
By all but arrant fools."

THE AMERICAN LINE OF EUROPEAN STEAMERS.

THE American Steam-ship Company, of Philadelphia, the only one whose steamers carry the American flag between this country and Europe, was organized in 1871, with a capital of $2,500,000. A contract was immediately given to Messrs. CRAMP & SONS, of Philadelphia, for the construction of four first-class iron steam-ships of 3000 tons burden, and to have an average speed of thirteen knots an hour. These steamers were intended to carry the mails and conduct a general freight and passenger business between Philadelphia and Liverpool, calling at Queenstown; and the success which the company has achieved shows how well they were fitted to the purpose. The *Pennsylvania*, the pioneer steam-ship of the line, was launched in August, 1872, and made her first voyage in May of the following year. The *Ohio*, *Indiana*, and *Illinois* followed at regular intervals. They are three hundred and sixty feet long, forty-two feet beam, and thirty-three feet depth of hold. Their engines are nominally 500 horse-power, and are capable of being worked up to 3000. The steamers hold the very highest class in Lloyd's, and in the Bureau Véritas, the leading French maritime authority. Their great breadth of beam, in proportion to their length, tends to increased steadiness at sea, and enables the passengers, except those who are incorrigibly inclined to seasickness, to enjoy the voyage, and the luxurious table provided by the management, with almost as much comfort as if they were in an elegant sea-side hotel. In respect to speed, the voyages of the American Line of steamers compare very favorably with the best passages between New York and Liverpool.

These splendid steamers, in addition to every precaution to insure safety and comfort during the voyage, are fitted out with great elegance. They will each accommodate one hundred first-class passengers, and possess most comfortable quarters for eight hundred persons in the steerage. The arrangements for "intermediate" passengers are exceptionally good. A portion of the main-deck is set apart for their special accommodation. Here families can secure separate rooms, and have their meals served apart from the other passengers, at about half the price paid by holders of first-class tickets. The bill of fare is ample and varied. The accommodations for steerage passengers are also excellent, and the company take great pains to secure comfort and to provide wholesome and unstinted food for this class of voyagers. Soups, plain meats, bread, fish, vegetables, tea, and coffee constitute the bulk of their daily bill of fare.

Safeguards against loss of life at sea constitute an excellent feature in the equipments of these steamers. Each carries, in addition to the usual complement of life-boats of the ordinary construction, a number of life-rafts, provided with bread and water tanks, kept constantly supplied. These rafts, in case of necessity, can be thrown into the water with scarcely a moment's delay; and having appliances for the accommodation of passengers on both top and bottom, they are always right side up. They are far more available in a storm than the ordinary life-boats, which have to be lowered with great caution, and which in tempestuous seas are not unfrequently stove against the side of the ship, and rendered useless. Thus far, so careful and admirable has been the management of these steamers, these appliances have not been brought into use. Each of the four steamers above named has made over fifty voyages without having lost a single passenger or mail-bag.

Among the many passengers carried by this line since its organization were the members of the British Executive Commission to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. The greater part of the British exhibits was also brought over and returned by these steamers. As an instance of the care with which this duty was performed, we may mention the transportation of the British exhibit of paintings, which was valued at upward of £250,000 sterling. The collection, as our readers may remember, contained some of the masterpieces of TURNER, LANDSEER, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and other celebrated artists. These costly paintings were brought over and returned with such care that, in speaking officially of the transportation, the British Executive, Colonel Sir H. B. SANDFORD, remarked that the boxes were not even scratched.

It was in one of these steamers, the *Indiana*, of which we give illustrations on page 236, that General GRANT, on the 17th of May, 1877, took his departure from Philadelphia, on starting upon his trip around the world.

This enterprise has achieved success without aid from the government, and its managers have demonstrated the possibility of running a splendid line of European steamers without the assistance of a government subsidy. The high rates of material and labor have, however, compelled the company to procure, in addition to their American built steamers, four very fine vessels of British build. Two of these were constructed by the celebrated firm of HARLAND & WOLFF, Belfast, the others by the LAIRDS, of Liverpool. They are each of 4000 tons burden, and well fitted for passengers, although they do not carry as many first-class passengers as the American ships will accommodate. The service has been made weekly by the purchase of these four steamers, the departures being every Saturday from Philadelphia, and every Wednesday from Liverpool, with extra sailings every alternate Wednesday.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

THE mountain pass of St. Gothard has long been famous for the high-road which extends from Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, to Lago Maggiore, in the north of Italy. Now the great Alpine mountain has been pierced by a railway tunnel, and no longer offers any obstruction to the traveller who prefers speed to scenery, and had rather fly from the little republic to the land of HORACE in the wake of a locomotive than linger amid the beauties that nature here spreads out to view with such unsparing hand.

The object of building this tunnel was to connect the railway systems of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and its construction was deemed necessary to offset the commercial advantages that were acquired by France in the building of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and enjoyed by Austria in her road across the Semmering, these being the connecting railway links within these two countries and the same portion of Europe. Between the years 1840 and 1850 the project of constructing a railroad through the St. Gothard was first mooted, but it did not take permanent form until the next decade, when the Central Swiss Railroad Company assumed charge of it. A commission was then appointed by several neighboring cantons to make the necessary surveys. In 1869 the three countries just mentioned entered into a treaty for the construction of the road, and in 1872 a company was formed, and bids for the work were called for. Seven were made, of which two were finally considered, and that of M. LOUIS FAVRE was accepted. The estimated cost was in the neighborhood of ten million dollars. The contract for the work was awarded August 7, 1872, and after the railway company had completed some preliminary clearing, the work was begun. Ground was broken at Airolo on September 13, 1872, and at Goeschenen eleven days later. The system of construction adopted was that known as the Belgian or French system. A heading, or advanced gallery, was driven at the upper part of the tunnel from each end at such height that its roof became a portion of the roof of the final excavation. The enlargement to the final dimensions was effected laterally and downward. Before the contract for the undertaking was drawn up, Professor FRITSCH, of Frankfort, made some interesting calculations as to the nature of the rock to be met in building the tunnel. He believed that the principal mass to be traversed consisted of gneiss rich in mica, mica-schist, gneiss, and hornblende-schist. These he believed extended through the mountain in the form of a fan, and experience proved that his theories were correct. The material taken from the opposite ends differed widely. At the north end a layer of very hard rock was met first, hardly any water coming from the roof, and very little timbering being needed. At the southern extremity, on the contrary, the dominant rock was mica-schist, with numerous fissures, through which water leaked into the tunnel in great quantities. At one time it rushed in at the rate of 420 gallons per minute, and brought with it masses of débris. Later on, when beds of clay were struck, it rushed in at the rate of 2640 gallons per minute; 180 yards in, a spring was met which delivered 1000 gallons a minute, and stopped the works for several days. So the leakage kept varying from time to time, and at that side always giving much trouble to the workmen.

Seven years and five months were occupied in piercing the St. Gothard, the tunnel, nine and a third miles in length, being the longest in the world. The rapidity with which the work was accomplished was unprecedented, for, relatively to its length, this tunnel has been bored in a fourth of the time occupied in the boring of the Hauenstein Tunnel. This great advance in the art of tunnel-driving is due to the more extended application of machinery, and, above all, to the efficiency of the "air-compressors" invented by Professor COLLADON, of Geneva. The "perforators," driven by these compressors, did their work with marvellous swiftness. In two hours one machine would drill twenty-six holes 1.20 meters deep in a face of rock some two meters square. The holes were then filled with dynamite, charged, and fired, every explosion dislodging some two and a half cubic meters of rock. The point of attack for the perforators was always the upper part of the finished tunnel of the future, the floor of the passage they cleared out being afterward blasted and wrought down by hand to the required level. The locomotives used in the tunnel were moved by compressed air, and ventilation was provided from the same source. Horses were also used for dragging the wagons, but owing to the intense heat and the foul air, the mortality among them was very great. Out of a band of forty, on an average ten died every month. The men worked day and night in shifts of eight hours each. So trying was the labor that they were compelled to take frequent holidays. Great circumspection had also to be exercised in the admission of outsiders to the galleries, as a walk in the stifling heat and vitiated atmosphere might easily have proved fatal to persons with heart difficulties or a tendency to congestion of the brain. Even the healthy who ventured in for more than a short distance had frequently occasion to regret their temerity. During the whole time the scene in the interior of the tunnel was weird in the extreme: the pitchy darkness, relieved only by the glare of a few lamps; the shrieking of the locomotives; the blowing of horns; the explosion of mines; the continual passing of heavily laden wagons; the groups of men plying pickaxe, spade, and shovel—all these things mingled together might well create an impression never to be forgotten.

On the morning of Sunday, the 29th of February, the moments so anxiously anticipated by engineers, workmen, and all interested in the great tunnel arrived. The two galleries wherein men had been laboring for more than seven years, in the foulest of atmospheres and amid the most terrible surroundings, now approached each other so closely that but a slight wall of rock remained. In the course of the preceding night it was found, on sounding with a long drill, that the thickness amounted only to 1.3 meters. The news of this wonderful consummation became speedily circulated, and by ten o'clock in the morning large crowds had assembled to wait for the auspicious blast which should make of the two galleries one tunnel. At Airolo a few members of the local Landwehr, with their band, were hastily summoned, flags were hoisted, and wagons gayly decorated, and when the train bringing the people from Goeschenen ran into the station—the tunnel being practicable for locomotives two-thirds of the way—the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Cheers rent the air, and men congratulated themselves and each other over this triumphant setting at naught of nature's barriers, as they do over a great victory.

In one thing the building of the tunnel resembles most of the "famous victories" of history, and that is in the number of lives it has cost. Between sixty and seventy men have been killed by the premature explosion of mines and other mishaps, while a great cloud is thrown over the rejoicings by the absence from the scene of M. FAVRE. The great contractor met his death, like so many of his workmen, in the tunnel which he projected and so nearly brought to a successful completion, and with which his name will ever be associated. When the work was begun, M. FAVRE promised to have it completed before the 1st of October, 1880. It was stipulated in the contract that if the tunnel was finished before the time specified, the company should pay him $1000 a day until the 1st of October. On the other hand, if the work was not done in time, he should similarly forfeit $1000 for every day in arrear. If the delay should continue six months, the forfeit should be $2000 per day, and if it should continue a year, he should surrender the contract and forfeit $1,600,000, which he and his friends acting for him had deposited with the company as security.

M. FAVRE labored with untiring energy. For a long time after the opening of the works he lost money heavily, owing to unforeseen contingen-

cies, but in April of last year an international conference set the total cost at 227,000,000 francs, or more than forty-five million dollars. Ample funds were advanced to him as he needed them, the original estimates, as usual, giving very little clew to the actual expenditure when matters were under way. In the beginning the headings were about eight feet square, giving frontal areas of sixty-seven feet on which the perforating machines operated. On each face from twenty-four to twenty-six holes were bored in hard rock. They were charged with dynamite, which was made up in cartridges of from one and a half to four pounds. The perforating machines employed on the headings were six in number, and were mounted on a truck set on a line of rails. The process of boring lasted from two and a half to three hours, and while the last holes were being bored, the process of charging was commenced. The carriage and machinery were moved ninety feet off, and turned into a siding in the widened part of the tunnel. The three central holes converged to a point at their furthest extremity. They were fired first, and made a conical cavity. Then the other holes were charged and fired, and they expanded the rift to the full size of the heading. The débris was then removed, and the same operation repeated. The temperature of the air in the tunnel was found to be always higher than that without. It steadily increased as the excavation proceeded. On the first day it rose from 35° F. to 58°, while the air outside remained at 34°. The average temperature further in was found to be over 70°, while the rock was also much warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Large bell exhausters were erected at each end of the tunnel for the removal of atmospheric impurities, although artificial ventilation was not needed until the boring was 1000 meters deep. About 5,000,000 cubic feet of compressed air were forced into the excavation each day from either end, and an exhauster capable of extracting 16,500 cubic feet per minute was provided at each.

These are only a few of the details of one of the greatest undertakings of modern enterprise and skill. M. Favre rarely left the scene where the great work was being carried on. He was present at the Interoceanic Canal Conference at Paris, but from thence he returned almost immediately to Airolo. On the morning of July 19, 1879, he was showing the levels to a fellow-engineer from France, when he suddenly complained of a cramp, and called for a glass of water. Before it reached him he suddenly fell to the ground, and those who bent to raise him saw that he was dead. As the body was being taken to Geneva the poor of the village and canton followed his coffin in a long and mournful procession along the shores of Lake Leman. "He died on the field of honor," said an orator at his grave; "he was killed in his own tunnel." The large number of men who met their death in the work was always a source of great sorrow to M. Favre, and it seems melancholy that his own end should have occurred under such terrible circumstances. All the rejoicings over the completion of the tunnel have been marred by this event.

Among the many festivities that have taken place celebrating the completion of the tunnel, one of the most interesting and significant was the banquet given at the German Embassy in Rome. Here were met representatives of the nations whose commercial interests are affected by this iron road piercing the awful mountain barrier erected by nature. In the course of speeches delivered by Herr Von Keudel, the German Ambassador, and Signor Cairoli, the Italian Minister, the former expressed Germany's great gratitude toward Italy for having taken the initiative in this colossal undertaking, which had "opened up an easy route between the valleys of the Po and Rhine, and reduced to a matter of a few hours the distance between the two countries, separated by a valiant people jealous of its ancient traditions, its independence, and freedom." The tunnel opened up a prospect of peace and of friendly relations both in moral and commercial affairs, which became every day more urgent. In his impulse of cordiality the speaker went so far as to insist that it would be unjust to ignore the fact that Italy had taken the chief part morally and financially in the enterprise. He was therefore "inspired purely by a sentiment of gratitude in proposing as a toast the health of the King of Italy." Signor Cairoli in reply thanked the representative of the great German nation, which was united to Italy by unalterable ties of affection. Throughout his speech he dwelt on the same theme. The banquet then in progress was "a festival not only of science, labor, industry, and commerce, but of the sacred cause of peace, to which the statesmen of the two countries devoted their efforts, and which was the supreme object aimed at by Italian policy. As the relations between Italy and Germany became more intimate, there would be a more powerful solidarity of friendship, interests, and duties." Knowing the German Ambassador's friendly sentiments toward Italy, Signor Cairoli was quite sure that the wish most acceptable to him and to the Minister of Switzerland which he could express was that the new route might strengthen between the three countries the principles of fraternity and the natural alliance of labor and free trade. It was therefore to glorious Germany and industrious Switzerland that he directed his thoughts in proposing the health of the Emperor of Germany and the President of the Swiss Confederation. Such sentiments as these, together with the story of the magnificent triumph over material things apropos of which they were spoken, are pleasant and comforting reading after the expressions of jealousy and suspicion, the records of increased armament, and suggestions of war that come to us from abroad.

It is a curious fact that the importance of St. Gothard as a practicable mountain pass and an available route for communication between these countries was not discovered until a comparatively late period. The first historic mention of the St. Gothard Pass that can be found goes back only to the year 1162, and it was only in the fourteenth century that it began to be much frequented. Merchants and packmen then began to recognize its advantages, and it grew rapidly into favor from that time. The way, however, was utterly impracticable for wheeled vehicles, and those who braved its hardships and perils were obliged to spend five or six days in accomplishing the distance from the banks of the Swiss lake to the shores of the Maggiore. When the weather was unfavorable, however, the length of the journey was indefinitely increased, and many who were caught in the blinding hurricanes of the upper hills never saw its completion. At the summit of the pass a convent well known as "the Hospice" long offered shelter and assistance to the weary and imperiled wayfarer, much as did the more famous one of the St. Bernard Pass. But the Hospice is now an inn. After the construction of the great highway rendered the descent to the village of Airolo and a milder climate a matter of a short time, few cared to prolong the suffering entailed by breathing longer than was absolutely necessary the atmosphere of those lofty regions. Thus the time soon came when little more than passing calls were made at the time and storm worn portals of the old Hospice. The carriage-road was the result of the high public spirit and excellent judgment of the inhabitants of the cantons of Uri and Tessin. At the beginning of the century, shortly after the construction of the Simplon road, the people of these districts recognized that the existing means of transit were quite inadequate to the demands of the traffic between the two nations, and they saw that, however great the undertaking might be, it was for their best interests to throw open a way that led from their frowning mountains to the smiling valleys of the South. In 1820 the great work was commenced. Ten years of almost superhuman endeavor were necessary for the accomplishment of the undertaking. The result reaped by the shrewd Swiss people, however, has been more than half a century of gains gathered from restless foreigners whose interest and curiosity have led them over the Alps by way of the St. Gothard Pass. The road now enters the district through an opening in the northern bulwark, and crosses it in a general direction from north to south, following, however, the courses of the mountain streams. The time required to cross St. Gothard by road is from sixteen to eighteen hours. What may be gained in the way of time by whizzing through the great tunnel has not yet been determined.

How far a work like this will pay the promoters it is almost impossible to tell. Nothing more certain than that it will benefit, and richly too, the world of commerce. Prior to 1871, when the Mont Cenis Railroad was opened for traffic, the Alps formed for one-half the year an all but impassable obstacle to direct intercourse by land between Italy and the rest of Europe. That would have been a loss to Europe had Italy been an absolute terminus. But of recent years Italy has itself become a half-way house, a stage on the high-road to Egypt and to India. Until 1871 passengers and goods on their way to the East were burdened for half the year, and sometimes for three-quarters, with the vexations of a sea-voyage, because Alpine avalanches refused a passage. Could the advantage gained by the opening of the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels be estimated, it might be shown that a very few years of successful working would liquidate the utmost expenditure which has been made upon them. For the purposes of transport, and to the business traveller, the tunnel is invaluable, and in no way will it interfere with the delights of the leisurely pleasure-seeker. The high-road remains, and the Lake of Lucerne will still gleam and frown for all who have time to linger by its side. The broad back of St. Gothard will still be free for any to climb who like to see the pine-trees and airy pastures and snow-fields of the forest cantons slip by them as they press forward toward the chestnut groves and vineyards of Lombardy.

WAITING FOR CARGOES.

The quantity of wheat, wheat flour, and corn shipped from the port of New York every year is enormous, and is constantly increasing. Twenty-five years ago, in round numbers, 17,000,000 bushels were exported. Last year, from June 30, 1878, to June 30, 1879, nearly 102,000,000, or six times as many, were sent abroad. According to the statistics of the government, New York leads all the other ports, sending last year more than seven times as much as Boston, three and a half times as much as Philadelphia, two and a quarter times as much as Baltimore, and nearly twenty times as much as New Orleans, or more than they all together. This year the numbers will be still larger. According to estimates made by Mr. E. H. Walker, statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, the requirements of Europe from the United States, from February 1, 1880, to August 31, 1880, will amount to 94,000,000 bushels of wheat alone. Of this the Atlantic ports, he believes, will probably supply 65,000,000, and the new crop, available July 1, must be drawn on for the remaining 29,000,000.

To carry these immense quantities of grain, besides the countless other articles that are exported, necessitates the employment of many vessels, and everything in the shape of a steamer, ship, bark, or brig that can be got from any part of the world is pressed into the service.

Sometimes dock room in New York is scarce, and vessels may be seen lashed four or six deep, to economize space; others are laid at wharves outside of the city, where dock rates are lower; and many are obliged to seek moorings in Gowanus Creek, Red Hook, and the Erie Basin, waiting for cargoes. At the time when our illustration on page 228 was made of the scene at Gowanus Creek and vicinity, as many as 200 vessels were to be seen within a range of a quarter of a mile, presenting the appearance of a great forest of masts and spars.

FIRST OF APRIL.

I out in the wood with Mollie,
And Mollie so full of scorn,
As under the leafless beeches
We wandered one April morn.
I flurried and worried and angry,
While Mollie, serenely cool,
Said, "Jack, it's the 1st of April:
Please don't be an April—"

"You're right," I said, in a passion,
"For I am a fool to-day,
To care for a fair, false woman
Who loves that she may betray.
I saw you riding with Charley;
I know I am only your tool;
And trysted this April morning
To be called an April—"

"Hush, Jack! You're one of those lovers
That never should trust their eyes;
And really your temper has been, sir,
A not very sweet surprise."
Then I looked at the fair calm maiden,
In her fresh spring garments dressed—
Tender green like the budding trees,
With violets at her breast.

"If you would explain, dear Mollie—"
"No, sir, that is not my way."
"Then only say that you love me."
"I have said it—before to-day."
"O love! O love! O Mollie dear!"
And the robins sang overhead:
"O love! O love!" but sweeter far
Were the words that Mollie said.

Then hand in hand through the beeches,
In the light of Mollie's love,
The soft green moss beneath our feet,
And the budding trees above,
The rosy blush on Mollie's face,
And the love-light in her eyes,
And every wintry cloud away
From April's soft blue skies.

Many Aprils have come and gone
Since I won my little wife;
As I was fooled that happy morn,
She has fooled me all my life.
But, oh! such folly is wisdom,
April or May, as a rule:
Happy's the man whom all his life
A good little wife can fool.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Art critics and connoisseurs from many countries have been deeply interested in the sale of Prince Demidoff's famous collection, at the Palace of San Donato, in Florence. During the first three days' sale of works of the old masters over half a million of dollars was realized. Hobbema's magnificent landscape "The Windmills" brought $42,000. Four Rembrandts sold for high prices—"The Young Girl," $24,600; "The Man at Arms," $20,400; "Lucrèce," $29,200; and "Portrait of a Young Woman," $27,500. "The Jubilee," by Adrian van Ostade, went for $29,000, and his "Fête in a Cottage" for $16,000. "The Happy Child," by Nicolas Maas, sold at $19,000, and Franz Hals's portrait of his son, Herman Hals, for $13,000. The detailed list of elegant objects of art and curiosity, in gold, silver, bronze, terra cotta, wood, etc., is very entertaining, and the sale of them awakened no less enthusiasm than the sale of the old masters.

Ten years ago a similar sale of paintings and art objects took place at the Palace of San Donato, by the direction of the owner and collector, Prince Anatole Demidoff, and the large prices paid by purchasers are well remembered. The Prince had been in feeble health for some time previously, and died on the night after the last day's sale of his treasures, leaving his vast fortune to his nephew, the present Prince Demidoff.

The United States Fish Commissioners who are to take charge of the interests of this country at the Berlin Fish Exhibition sailed in the steam-ship *Neckar* with the first installment of exhibits. The collection will be classified carefully. It gives some notion of the extent of one branch of business in America to know that specimens of not less than one hundred and fifty different kinds of fish-food will be sent to Berlin, and sixty varieties of oils. The Exhibition, which opens on April 20, will continue about ten weeks.

About 1,100,000 feet of yellow pine will be required for the under flooring of the East River Bridge. It will first be thoroughly dried, and then charged with creasote under pressure.

Another Nihilist has been condemned to death. His execution will make the nineteenth which has occurred within two years in Russia for political offenses.

French flats are growing in popularity in this city. Many of them are very handsome, and the rent is often as much as the rent of a cozy little house. Living in a flat is in some respects less expensive than living in an independent dwelling. There is special saving in the matter of hired help, one servant being sufficient where two would be needful in a house.

An appeal comes from the Armenian Library at Smyrna for more English books. This library was established in 1869, and has at present about 2000 volumes.

An exchange adds this item to what has been already published on the interesting topic: "He said he had wrought out the 13—15—14 puzzle, when a quiet-looking individual remarked, 'Stranger, I suspect you did it if you say so; but if I were in your place I should feel kind o' proud o' my abilities as a first-rate liar.'"

The climax of invention has been reached, we think. The design is most commendable—to prevent market-men from selling old eggs as fresh ones. The inventor proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. The stamp is connected with a pad that is saturated in indelible ink. An electric disk is arranged so that when the hen has laid an egg, her foot touches it, and the stamp turns over on the ink pad, and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost, with the roosters, the date of the stamp is altered for the next day, and the work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. The dates tell their own story.

Awhile ago it was announced that a reform in orthography had been instituted in Germany. But a recent dispatch from Berlin to the London *Times* indicates that the proposed reform is by no means popular. It appears that a new system of spelling, devised by Herr Von Puttkamer, Minister of Public Worship, has attracted much attention. Its main feature consists in the omission of certain alleged superfluous consonants, and in the phonetic spelling of certain syllables. But Prince Bismarck had forbidden its use among the officers of his department; Dr. Stephani, Postmaster-General, inveighed against the proposed alterations; and neither the War nor the Marine Minister would sanction the "new-fangled method." The general feeling seems to be that any changes should be left to the influence of natural development.

The young ladies in a Detroit seminary celebrated in a pleasant and appropriate manner the birthday of the poet Longfellow. In acknowledgment of this remembrance, Mr. Longfellow sent his autograph to each of the young ladies.

It is stated that the travelling expenses of the Egyptian obelisk to this country are to be defrayed by William H. Vanderbilt.

Rumor—which, however, is not always to be believed—says that the Czar of Russia recently spent several hours in making changes in his will; that in spite of his many marvellous escapes, he still fears he may fall a victim to some murderous plot.

Another planet was discovered by Professor Peters on March 18. Really, now, how many does this make? Can anybody but an astronomer keep the number in his head?

The American Numismatic and Archæological Society now has a membership of 115. The society's cabinet contains 3390 medals, coins, etc., which are accessible to the members.

A complete system of telegraphing is to be established by the Chinese government throughout China.

An International Exhibition will open at Brussels on May 1, and the managers desire Americans to send exhibits in season for the opening. As the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence occurs next summer, and will be celebrated by various national fêtes, which will attract visitors from all parts of Europe, the forth-coming celebration would seem an excellent opportunity of introducing American wares into the foreign market.

A fatal disease, called "pellaga," is spreading through many parts of Italy. The reports are that not less than 97,000 Italians are now fatally affected with it. The disease usually is slow in its progress, like consumption, and its cause is believed to be the exclusive consumption of maize in a deteriorated condition, and the unwholesome hovels in which the rustics live.

Rockaway Beach is preparing for summer. The iron-work of the great pier has been completed to a distance of 1000 feet from the shore; the entire length is to be 1200 feet. About 600 carpenters are busily working on the Rockaway Beach Hotel, and the rail-road bridge across Jamaica Bay is in progress.

Somebody thus advises: "Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited, often cured, by a free consumption of onions, either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them. Taken at night all offense will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance."

At Hamburg, Germany, a society has just been formed for the purpose of planting new oyster beds in Schleswig-Holstein, and the preliminary work will commence at once. The small American oysters have been selected for the first experiment. The Prussian government favors the undertaking, and is ready to protect it by a guard along the new oyster banks.

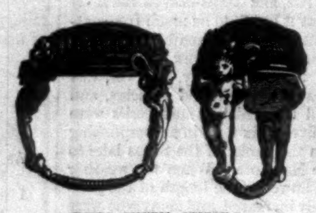
Chinese emigrants, who have become alarmed at the violence with which they are threatened in San Francisco, are preparing to seek refuge elsewhere, and some have already arrived in New York. It is stated that the Chinese government has directed inquiry to be made as to whether the United States will protect Chinamen in this country. Certain rights were guaranteed by the Burlingame Treaty, but the treaty was to be binding upon both governments equally; and if it is not sufficient to protect the Chinese in the United States, our government can not claim by it protection to American citizens in China. As San Francisco is a part of the United States, there certainly is no reason why the rights of Chinamen should not have legal protection there as well as in New York, or anywhere else in our country.

In connection with the interoceanic canal project, which is just now attracting so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, it may be interesting to remind our readers that the archives at Madrid are said to contain details of a scheme put forward some three hundred years ago by D'Avila, whose idea was to join the Rio Grande and the Chagres by means of a canal.

In the course of a speech recently delivered in the German Reichstag, Herr Bebel made some startling statements, which go far to show that the Prussian police system is modelled upon the Russian pattern. Quoting names and dates, the orator cited a case in which a domiciliary visit had been paid to the wife of a political exile at six in the morning, when she was still in bed, and had been compelled by the police officer, who roused her from her slumbers, to get up and dress herself in his presence. Another case, of an even more revolting nature, was that of a lad, only sixteen years old, who had been enticed into a police office, and there plied with beer and cigars until his tongue was loosened, when he was subjected to a friendly interrogation with respect to the place in which his father, a proscribed Socialist, was concealed, and, in fact, was tricked into denouncing his own flesh and blood.

JAR IN BLUE AND WHITE.

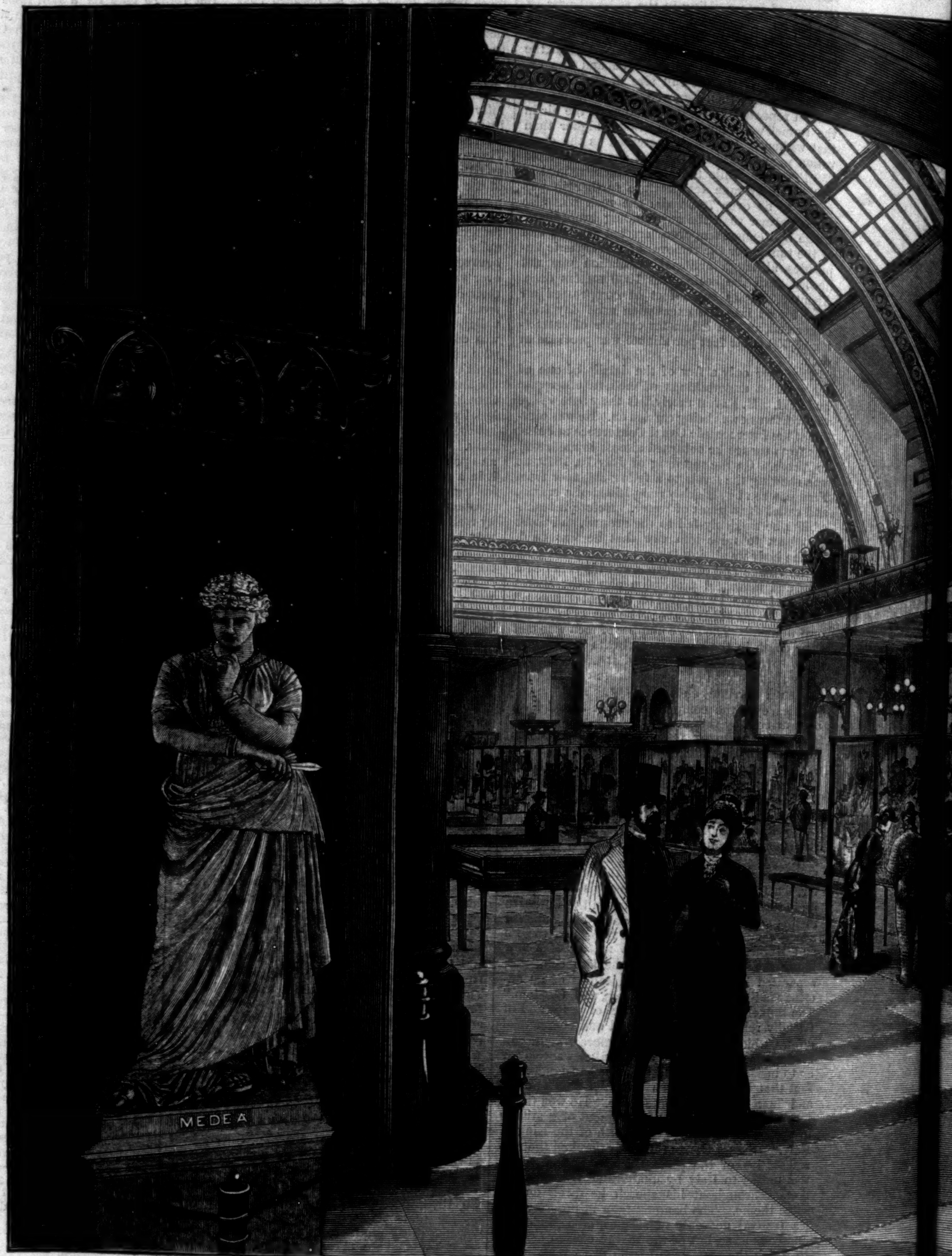
RING WITH EGYPTIAN DESIGN.



RING WITH CUPIDS.

SILVER OBJECT.

TERRA-COTTA HEADS—FROM



MAIN HALL OF THE BUI

BRACELET WITH LIONS' HEADS.

PHŒNICIAN VASE—BUFF POTTERY DECORATED IN BLACK.

END OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS.

TERRA-COTTA VASE FROM DALI.

SIDE OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS FROM AMATHUS.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, IN

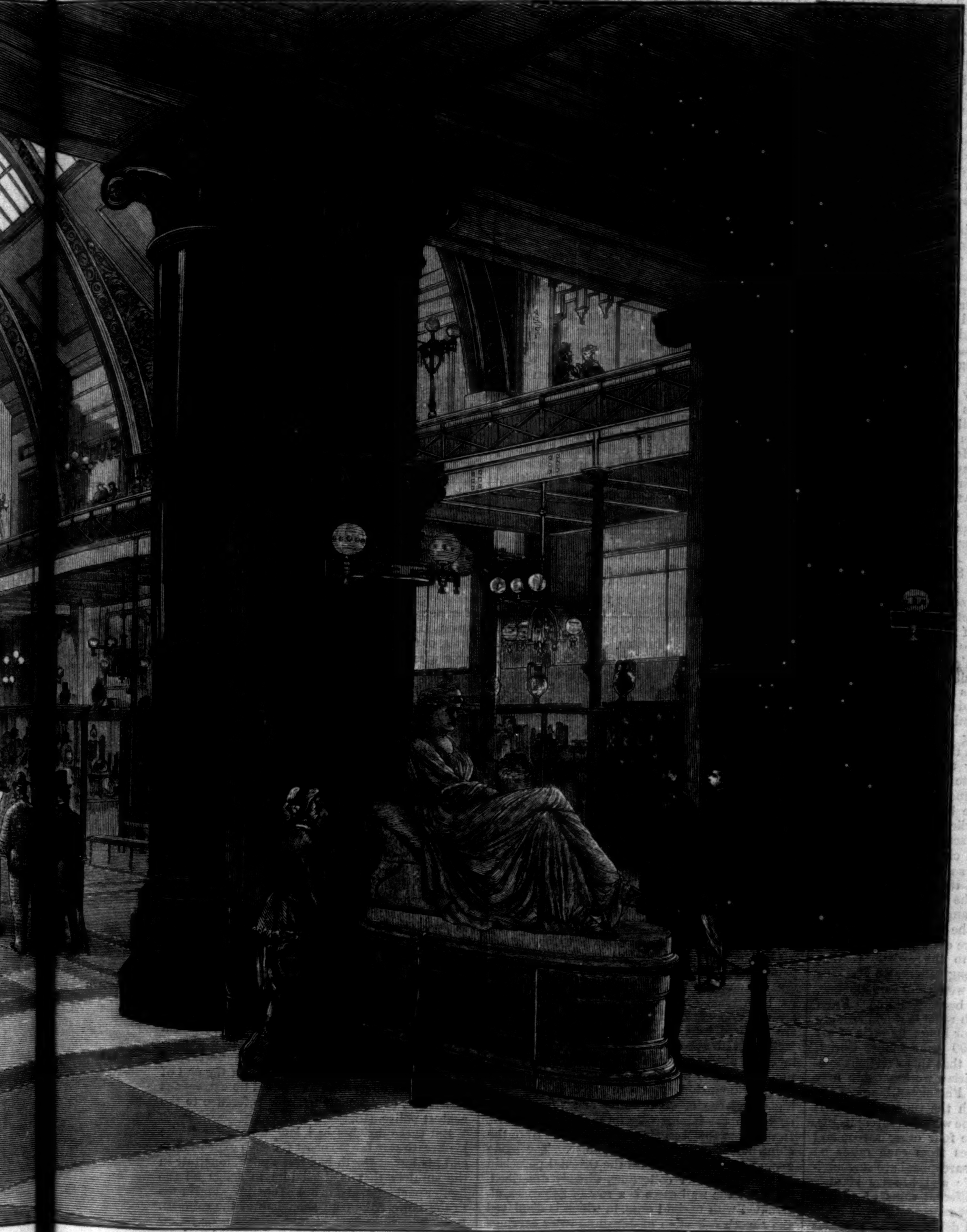
S—FROM [TE]MPLE OF APOLLO HYLATES.

GOLD OBJECT.

ENGRAVED SIGNETS WITH GOLD SWIVELS.

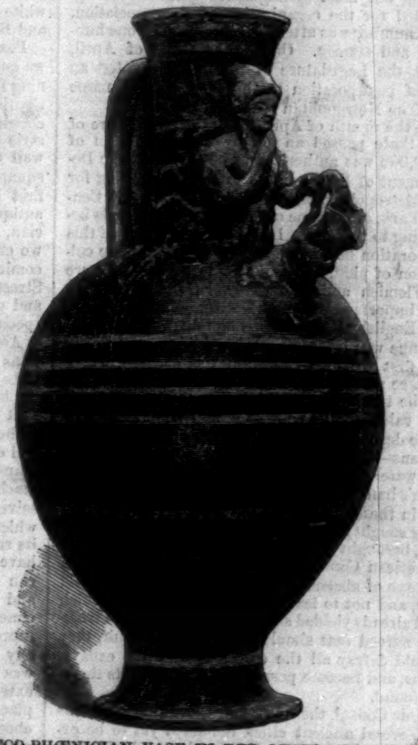
EGYPTIAN SCARABÆUS WITH SILVER SWIVEL.

JAR IN PALE GREEN.



E BUIL[DIN]G.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.

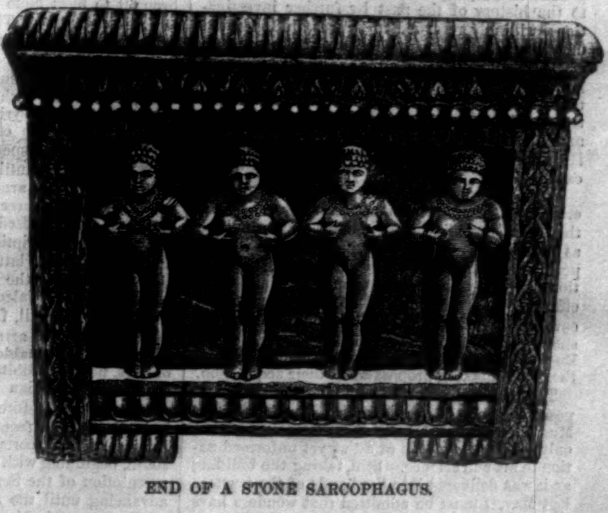
BRACELET WITH ROSETTES.



GRÆCO-PHŒNICIAN VASE IN RED LUSTROUS WARE.

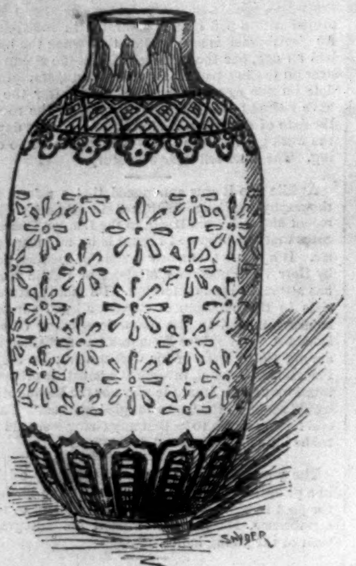
SIDE OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS FROM AMATHUS.

TERRA-COTTA VASE FOUND IN A TOMB AT AMATHUS.



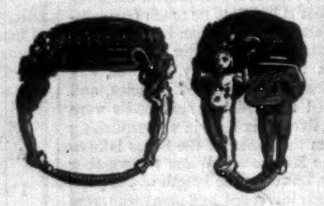
END OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS.

T, IN [CE]NTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 234.]



JAR IN BLUE AND WHITE.

RING WITH EGYPTIAN DESIGN.



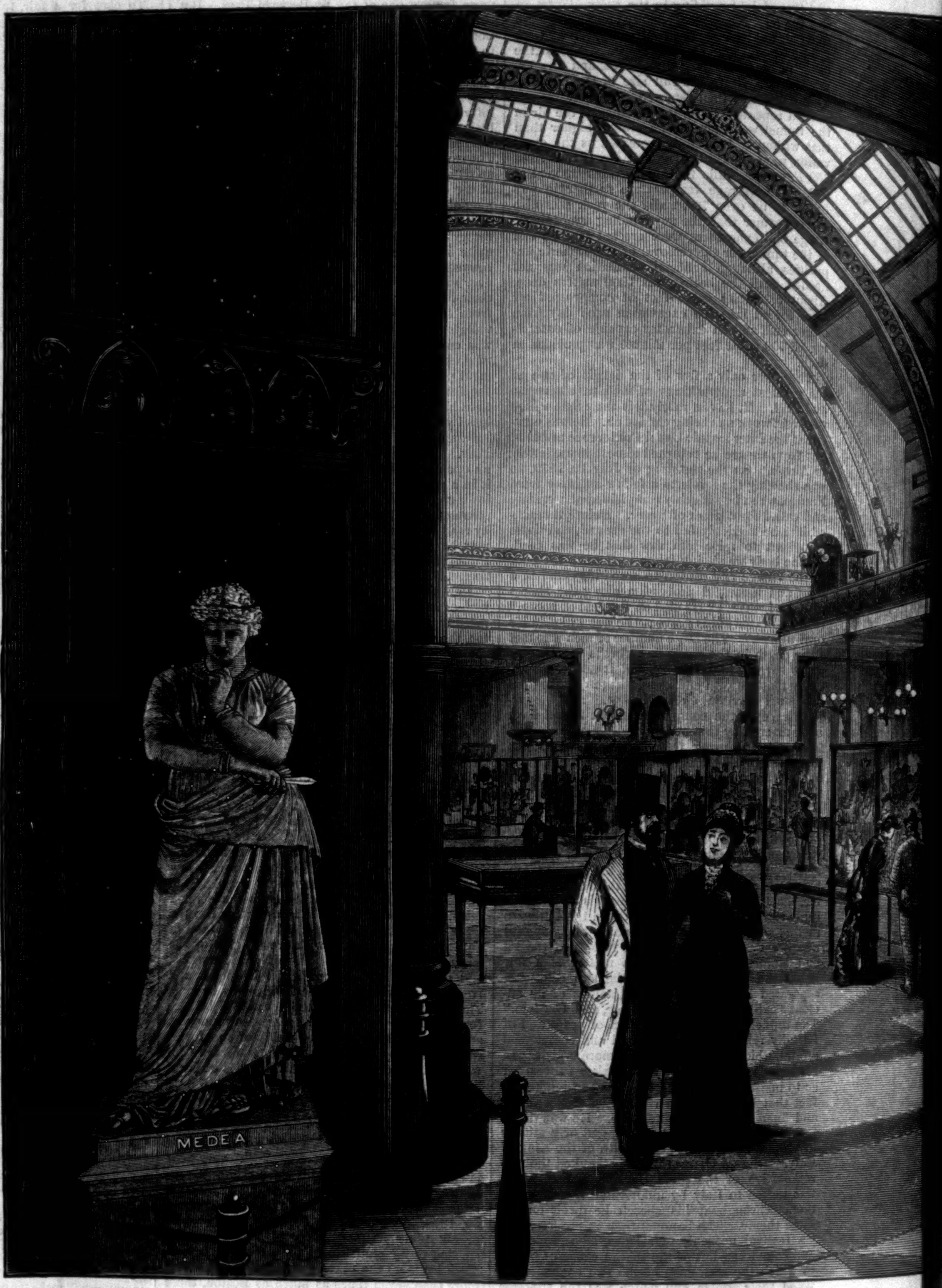
RING WITH CUPIDS.

SILVER OBJECT.

TERRA-COTTA HEADS—FROM

BRACELET WITH LIONS' HEADS.

PHŒNICIAN VASE—BUFF POTTERY DECORATED IN BLACK.



MAIN HALL OF THE BU

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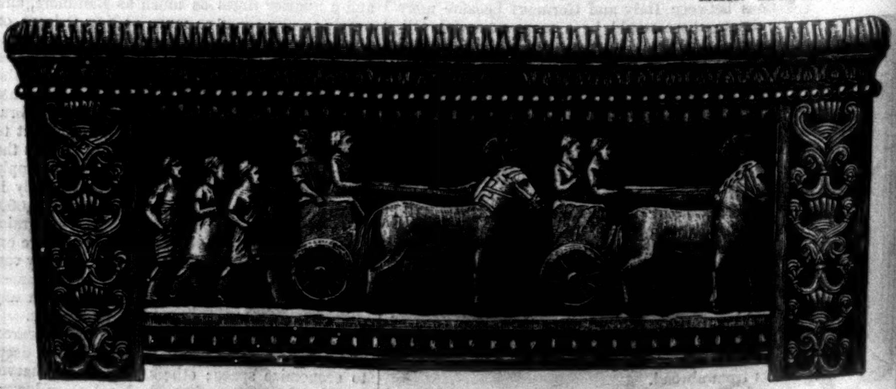
TERRA-COTTA VASE FROM DALI.



SIDE OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS FROM AMATHUS.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, IN

DS—FROM [T]EMPLE OF APOLLO HYLATES.

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ENGRAVED SIGNETS WITH GOLD SWIVELS.

EGYPTIAN SCARABÆUS WITH SILVER SWIVEL.

JAR IN PALE GREEN.

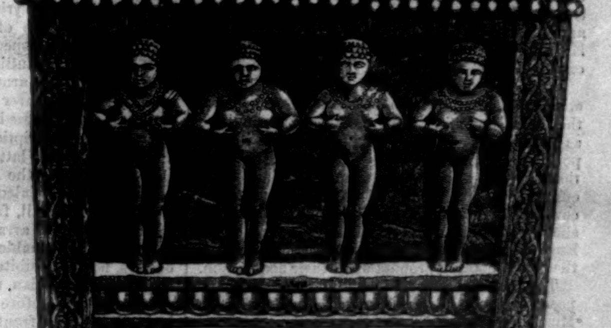
BRACELET WITH ROSETTES.

GRÆCO-PHŒNICIAN VASE IN RED LUSTROUS WARE.

THE BUI[LDING].—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.

SIDE OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS FROM AMATHUS.

TERRA-COTTA VASE FOUND IN A TOMB AT AMATHUS.



END OF A STONE SARCOPHAGUS.

ART, IN [CE]NTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

"PERHAPS."

In woodland ways now strangled with the snow
The blue, sweet violets will soon be springing,
The golden-headed aconites will blow,
And in the meadows robins will be singing.
Then from the streets into the fields I'll go;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, if not then, when strawberries are red,
And flag flowers stand among the blowing rushes,
When roses bloom, and in the trees o'erhead
There is a dreamy melody of thrushes,
My feet again the mossy turf shall tread;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, better still, I'll sail the windy sea,
Full of large music, billow to billow singing,
And lie 'mid broken lights, and sea-drift free,
Hearing in dreams of land the ship bells ringing—
Yes, oceanward, when summer comes, I'll flee;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

O heart, I said, thine is the weariest way:
Why wilt thou ever disenchant To-morrow?
Time is so niggardly with each To-day,
Surely 'tis well from future days to borrow.
Art thou afraid such drafts will be to pay?
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Then 'mid man's fretful dwellings, dim and low,
I'll dream of peace, eternal flowers unfading,
And of that tideless sea whose happy flow
Keeps not a note of sorrow or upbraiding.
Some day I'll find that Happy Land, I know;
And my heart answered, "*Thou shalt go!*"

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

We give on our double page a view of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the Central Park, near Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, to be opened to the public on the 1st of April.

It will not be without interest to our readers to know how this institution, which promises to become very popular, has come into existence.

Toward the end of October, 1869, the Art Committee of the Union League Club of this city, consisting of Messrs. Kensett, Putnam, Ward, Avery, Whittredge, Colyer, and Baker, were instrumental in a patriotic movement which resulted in the establishment of what is now known as the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In the same year, on the 23d of November, a public meeting was held at the Academy of Music, and a special committee of fifty gentlemen among our most distinguished citizens was appointed for the organization of the association. This number was afterward increased to one hundred and sixteen. On the 13th day of April, 1870, the Legislature of this State granted an act of incorporation to this body, by the name of "The Metropolitan Museum of Art."

In the month of April, 1871, the Legislature of this State passed an act by which the sum of $500,000 was authorized to be raised by the Department of Public Parks to erect a building for the Metropolitan Museum of Art within the Central Park, or on some other of the public lands belonging to the city. In 1871 the members of this corporation became the owners of a valuable collection of pictures, consisting in a great measure of Flemish and Dutch schools, and containing also important works of Italian, Spanish, French, and English masters. The building No. 681 Fifth Avenue was leased for their exhibition. In 1872 the first Cesnola collection was secured, which at once placed the Museum on a solid basis.

The trustees, comprehending the great historical value of this collection, and the advantages to be derived from fuller information of the Phœnicians—a race which had been pioneers upon the waters, going from land to land, and bringing man's handicraft from nation to nation—and finding in these discoveries the missing link in art so long sought for by the archæologist and the scientist, besought General Di Cesnola, who was then American Consul in Cyprus, and in this city on a leave of absence, to return to the wondrous old isle, and not to leave half finished a work which had already yielded such grand results. The trustees agreed that should their means permit, they would defray all the expenses of these excavations, and become possessors of the objects therein found.

Our Consul, therefore, convinced that the ruins of several ancient cities remained yet to be explored, and hoping to add a still more lucid page to the history of the past by further investigations, willingly returned to Cyprus, in 1874, and undertook the onerous task, with what result the world is already acquainted. His most ardent hopes were more than realized; but in the mean time the monetary crisis of 1875 prevented the trustees from carrying out the plan agreed upon, and the explorations, already commenced on a large scale, were pursued entirely at Cesnola's expense.

When the importance of the second discoveries became known to the trustees, however, they were unwilling that a collection so unique as the one they had acquired should lose its importance by the loss of these last superb additions, and they determined to make the strongest efforts to secure them, and seconded by the discoverer's earnest desire that the fruit of his labors should remain intact, effected their purchase while England and France were still wondering over them, and making proposals for their acquisition.

The whole plan of the building and its purposes are colossal, and intended, like the British Museum and the Louvre, for all time, and not only for the few needs of an as yet unformed nation in art and science. Still, taking the building as it was delivered into the hands of the trustees last May, it must be admitted that wonders have been accomplished by the untiring zeal and energy exercised by them during this short time in the endeavor to bring the interior of the building into harmony and compatibility with the requirements of an art museum. The immense labor performed can only be appreciated by those who saw it at that time, with its great glass roof, which converted the building into a hot-house, where the thermometer ranged in the month of July between 90° and 110°, its glass sides formed by twenty-three large arched windows, the intervening space being occupied by huge iron columns, the ugly pilasters with the colored wash peeling off them, and the plaster falling to pieces about them. Originally, also, the picture-galleries on the east were not connected with the picture-galleries on the west, and in consequence the visitor, after having ascended a long staircase to visit the former, was obliged to descend it, cross the whole length of the building, and begin another ascent as long, in order to visit the others. With the exception of the picture-galleries, no available wall-room existed anywhere, and a glaring light pervaded the whole building.

Early last April the Museum in Fourteenth Street was closed to the public, and the trustees commenced to return to their owners the objects of art belonging to the Loan Exhibition, and to pack up their own collections. This long and difficult undertaking was confided to a special committee of three trustees, who for many weeks devoted whole days to their arduous task. Finally, toward the end of May, everything was safely removed from the Douglas mansion to the new building, where there was nothing for its reception but the bare floors.

Thus for some months the collections as well as the interior of the building were in a state of perfect chaos. For months the building swarmed with mechanics and workmen, who have only now commenced to leave it. Simple yet elegant cases now line the walls, or rather the space where the walls should have been, and divide the grand hall into galleries, and a soft and pleasing light gratifies the eye.

If you enter the building from the Fifth Avenue drive in the Park, you pass through a vestibule so covered with heavy matting that even if you do not comply with its legend, "Wipe your feet," the profane dust will have left them before you have traversed its length and reached the west entrance hall. Here you find yourself surrounded by groups of marble statuary, artistically arranged. Here are Story's statues of Medea, Semiramis, and Cleopatra, the group of Latona, by Rheinhart, and a number of other life-size statues. Among the many busts which adorn the red pillars and pilasters, we remark those of Napoleon, by Canova, of Andrew Jackson, by Powers, of Sir Walter Scott, and others, in white marble, while those in bronze of Goethe and Bryant are along the south wall.

Passing from the west entrance hall to the left, we enter the north aisle of the central hall, running from the west to the east, which contains the Cypriote sculptures, chronologically arranged, and classified as far as is possible according to their style of art, the statuettes and small heads in wall cases, and large heads and bass-reliefs in square cases facing the others. Thus we have first in order, progressing toward the remotest antiquity, the Roman, then the Greek, the Phœnician, Assyrian, and finally the Egyptian. Or if we enter from the opposite side of the Museum, coming from Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, then we commence by the reverse order, and proceed from the earliest and most archaic specimens to the finished sculptures of to-day.

As in the East dawned civilization, the collections have been arranged so that the earliest objects of art commence in the eastern portion of the building, and end by the latest in the western.

It is impossible to examine these sculptures without being struck by the varied type of races and of features. They are of deep interest to the ethnologist as well as to the artist. Having reached the end of this long gallery, we find ourselves face to face with a wonderful sarcophagus, which has never before been exhibited. From its sculptures in very high relief it would seem to have been that of a warrior king; its style of art can not be later than 600 years before Christ, and it is not improbable that this excellent specimen of Cypriote-Phœnician workmanship may represent the last of the Phœnician kings of the city of Amathus, beneath the ruins of which it was discovered. On a line with this sarcophagus, extending southward, are four other sarcophagi placed at equal distances from each other on ebonized stands. These sarcophagi are surrounded by a forest of heroic and life-size statues, brought to light from different ruins of ancient temples in Cyprus. They represent chiefly high-priests and mythological deities of old religions long since forgotten. No. 19 represents a colossal statue of Hercules with a club in his left hand, and coifed with the Nemean lion's skin. No. 16, of pure Assyrian style of art, is remarkable as being one of the very few examples of Jewish type, especially when seen in profile. No. 32, a mutilated statue of Aphrodite with Cupid on her arm, represents the best style of Greek art. Nearer to the east entrance of the Museum, and disposed in appropriate cases, are the precious inscriptions in Phœnician, Greek, and Cypriote; the latter, long a riddle, were deciphered only in the last decade, and found to contain a Greek dialect.

Close to the wall, facing the above-mentioned sarcophagus, and arranged in glass cases, is a very rare and valuable collection of Oriental alabasters, never exhibited before, and which were found in Phœnician tombs at Amathus, dating many centuries before the birth of Christ. Similarly disposed in front of a sarcophagus marked E are the terra cottas, classified from north to south, beginning with the very early and rude representation of the Semitic Venus, and gradually advancing until the art reaches the best period of Greece. Of this class there are some specimens, such as Nos. 593, 598, 605, 606, 612, which can not be surpassed by any similar class in the best museums of Europe, and yet we blush to acknowledge that some of our American self-styled art critics can only see in them a shockingly bad art. But let us glance for a moment only down the south aisle at its wonderful contents.

In this aisle, both along the wall and in square glass cases in front of it, is arranged the rich and instructive collection of Cypriote pottery, classified, like the sculptures, from east to west, beginning with the hand-made vases, and ending with the Samian and Roman glazed pottery. There is not in existence another collection of ancient pottery which reveals so plainly the domestic life and progress of an extinct people, and which represents so great a variety of forms. All the well-known Greek types with which we are familiar since our childhood are found here; and it is not difficult to perceive where the early Greeks got their first ideas of shapes, for it would be hard to deny that although from the earliest times the Greeks had the power of rendering beautiful even the rudest objects, yet they have not developed the elegant forms of their vases without having been inspired by the work of the Phœnician potter as presented to us here. Arriving at the end of this aisle we are in front of the Cyprus bronzes, which again illustrate a period of many centuries before the Christian era.

We now find ourselves once more in the western entrance halls, and enter the great hall where the loan collections are displayed until new additions to the building shall afford them better quarters. The variety and richness of these collections are such as to reflect honor upon those of our citizens whose natural love of art and cultivated tastes have led them to adorn their homes with the art objects of other lands.

At the east end of the hall, and opposite to us, are temporarily displayed the ancient laces and embroideries of the famous McCallum collection, now owned by the Museum. Their permanent place, we understand, will be in the basement hall, with the industrial art collections, where they will properly belong. At the western end, facing the laces, are the fine Kensington reproductions, the property of the Museum, which in course of time will also find their permanent home in the basement hall, when the latter shall be ready to receive all its collections. Among the loan collections we have remarked one belonging to Mr. Drexel, of Egyptian antiquities, small but select, and containing some exceptionally good pieces.

Not far from the Drexel collection is an upright case which contains four Greek vases lent by the Misses Bruce, now in Europe. Well worthy of notice among these is a large three-handled vase with very correctly drawn figures, and of a style of art belonging to the fourth century before our era. The figures are disposed in three orders. On the highest there are three figures, easily recognizable as Jupiter, Venus, and Cupid. In the middle, a car drawn by four spirited horses. In the quadriga are the bridegroom and bride, and thence the vase is called a nuptial vase. The man has long hair and a thick beard; the girl's head is encircled by a diadem of pearls, and enveloped in the maiden coif, from which falls the calyptra, or nuptial veil. The charioteer is a slight youth, whose head is bound by a white fillet. Near the quadriga is seen a young man wearing a crown, and seemingly wishing to arrest the car. In front of the horses is a woman with torches in her hands. In the third or lowest order there are five figures, Minerva, Ceres, and three young men with crowned heads. The quadriga and rich dress of the pair show their high social condition. This vase is a valuable contribution to the loan collection of the Museum.

We now must ascend to the picture-galleries—the very best portion of the building, architecturally considered. On entering the west galleries we find a rare and beautiful display of modern paintings, all by renowned artists, and loaned to the Museum by private citizens of New York. At both ends of the inner and larger gallery are two doorways. Taking that on the left, we are ushered into a gallery containing only objects of Chinese and Japanese art. Arranged in cases along the wall is an admirable collection of Oriental porcelain, rich in design and varied workmanship, superb in color, and containing specimens of great rarity and value. This collection was intelligently formed by Mr. Avery, from whom the Museum purchased it. Here the china-hunter will find his paradise. The same arrangement prevails with the Oriental porcelain as with the other collections already described. Opposite the wall cases is a row of flat cases, alternated with upright ones, in which is displayed the superb collection of Japanese ivory carvings belonging to Hon. R. H. Pruyn, of Albany; there are also very fine specimens of Japanese lacquers lent by Mr. Pruyn, Mrs. Whitney Phœnix, and Mr. W. E. Moore. The gems of the Oriental porcelain are in two upright cases in the same row. At the east end of this gallery, by another doorway, we reach two other picture-galleries, containing paintings of old masters of almost every school; most of these are owned by the Museum, and the others belong to the loan exhibition.

Leaving these, we pass on to the south gallery, which contains the ancient gold, silver, engraved gems, and glass of the Cesnola collection. This will be one of the most charming and attractive places of the whole building. The unique glass collection has never been seen to such advantage as now, and the endless variety of forms can be closely studied. These ancient ointment cups and bottles, used before our era for containing perfume and oil to anoint the bodies of the dead, emit the resplendence of the prism, and charm the eye with a magic of coloring met nowhere but perhaps in the rays of the setting sun. At the west end of this gallery there are two wall cases containing a small but select collection of old Venetian glass, some of which represent the perfection of artistic form and grace. This little collection is the liberal gift of one of the trustees, Mr. Henry G. Marquand.

If we turn now to the row of flat and upright cases, we shall find the gold and silver ornaments which adorned the rich and fashionable ladies of Cyprus more than twenty-five centuries ago, and probably also the other sex, as we find a massive pair of armlets inscribed with the name of a Cypriote king who paid tribute to Sardanapalus, King of Babylon, two thousand six hundred and forty-two years ago, as an Assyrian cylinder in the British Museum has revealed to us. There are many necklaces, numberless ear-rings and finger-rings, amulets, engraved gems of every period, some of the greatest value, and the workmanship of these can not be excelled to-day even by the most skillful jewellers.

The praise due to the noble men who have founded this institution, and freely given of their own means to support it, purely for the benefit of their countrymen (for it is intended to be national), can not be too gratefully bestowed. Yet doubtless there will be found the envious, the disappointed, and the rejected, who will not fail to carp at and criticise what they have neither the generosity, the skill, nor the learning to emulate.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE "RISING SUN."

Among the many industries that languish during the winter months, though, like the sleep of the dormouse, without suggesting any great public catastrophe even in case it should never revive again, is that of the Turf tout. When the season of "trials" is over, no longer does he lie concealed in the blooming gorse, apprehensive of the horse-whip, or, note-book in hand, listen to the "seven-stun jock" as he indiscreetly prattles of how the sister to Cunigonda took her "gallop" that morning "in her clothes." He leaves the thymy down, the springing turf, the carol of the very earliest lark, the breezy call of incense-breathing morn, and becomes—it is the nearest approach, perhaps, to his romantic summer life of which circumstances permit—the deputy waterman to a London cab stand. In most cases, such as that of Dick Dartmoor, the neighboring public-house affords him some supplementary income; he is its *commissionaire*, or odd man, and ready for any office of general utility, whether it be to summon soft music, in the persons of a band of nigger minstrels, or to expel by force of arms (and legs) any guest who has taken more than is good for him, or rather for the good of the house.

Besides these two appointments, Dick Dartmoor had a vested interest in the fashionable arrivals and departures in the neighborhood: whenever a cab, as often happened, was sent for from Hybla Mews, he would accompany it to the residence of the hirer in a sort of *ex officio* capacity, and insist upon being employed to carry down luggage to the vehicle, at a sliding tariff of charges, which varied, according to the pusillanimity of the involuntary employer, from sixpence a parcel to a pint of ale in all. There had been a time in Dick's hot youth when, in the late autumn, he would hang on the outskirts of the London railway stations, and fixing his eye upon some cab laden with Paterfamilias's luggage from the sea-side, would gird up his loins and run it down to its destination, on the chance of being paid for assisting to unload it. Of course, like marriage, it was a mere lottery, but with more excitement and even desperation about it; for to thread crowded streets, as well as cross them, at six miles an hour, with the gaze fixed upon a quick-going "four-wheel," is trying to the nerves. The prize, of course, was a short journey and lavish payment; the blanks (which were more numerous) were excursions to the extreme suburbs, and an observation from Paterfamilias at the end of them to the effect that he wanted no extraneous assistance, or even an irritable reference to the nearest policeman.

But these delights had long ceased for Dick; his breath was far too short for such expeditions; and his lost strength had but a poor substitute in the subtlety that enabled him to select all the lighter packages, and to leave the trunks and boxes to the more Atlantean shoulders of the cabman. Indeed, in the secret history of this poor fellow there was a blank, or interregnum, of at least two years, which he had spent in much harder labor than has been described, in consequence of his having taken an article straight from a cab to a pawnbroker's, and disposed of it for what it would fetch. Far be it from me to say that Dick's *morale* had been injured by this experience; I would not make a reflection so injurious upon the society and discipline of her Majesty's prisons as that suggestion would imply, for any money; but it had done Dick no good. He came out of jail—just as many people come out of church—neither the better nor the worse for it; but it had introduced him to some queer companions, the existence of whom was unknown to the proprietor of the "Rising Sun," or he would perhaps have trusted Dick even less than he did—which was not much farther than the public bar of his establishment.

For the most part Dick stood outside its swinging doors, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, looking very dry and wistful, and with a straw in his mouth. But all of a sudden there came a change for the better in Dick that surprised everybody, and astounded those who knew him best. He appeared one morning in November at

the "Rising Sun" without his hay bands, and in a complete suit of second-hand clothes. To say that the neighborhood of Hybla Mews was "thrown into a state of intense excitement" (as it would have been over a mere murder) is much to underrate the effect of this phenomenon. Its ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to account for it. The landlord, who was a wit—and suffered for it in a slenderness of custom—declared that Dick's aunt must have died, and left him a million of money. The idea of such a sum in connection with Mr. Dartmoor was humorous enough, but nothing in comparison with the suggestion of his having possessed a female relative: he had notoriously never had a mother—a father, of course, was out of the question—and much less an aunt; nor could the Heralds' College itself have traced relationship for him with any member of the human family. He was as much a waif and stray, poor wretch, as the straw in his own mouth.

Another, but scarcely a wilder theory, was that Dick had drawn a prize in the great Hamburg Lottery (of which a prospectus had once been dropped in the bar-room), and was the proprietor of a castle on the Rhine, with its feudal rights; while a third—and most popular—solution of the problem was that he had lamed some "public favorite" in his stable at a crisis, and had been munificently rewarded for that service by a grateful employer.

To all these suggestions, which were made with much frankness in Dick's presence, he only returned a cunning look and a wink of his left eye. His eyes, which perhaps had once been bright enough, had now the appearance of having been boiled, whereas the rest of his countenance bore obvious traces of the oven. It had been baked, just as the faces of ladies of fashion are said to be during the operation of enamel; only in Dick's case it was, of course, by some process of nature, and not of art, and certainly with no view to being made "beautiful forever." Dick had been always plain, not to say repulsive, to look at, but in his second-hand clothes he looked infinitely worse than ever. So incongruous was their effect that the youngest policeman in the force would have said, "He stole them," while the student of human nature would not have hesitated to add, "after having murdered, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, their original proprietor."

Perhaps it was that the inhabitants of Hybla Mews were neither students of human nature nor policemen, or it possibly may have been because Mr. Dartmoor had not only clothes, but money in the pockets of them, that the opinions of his neighbors were much more charitable. Some of them even began to remember that they had always thought there was something sterling about Dick (which there never had been, in any sense), and had prophesied his rise in the world. To do Mr. John Rutherford justice, he was not among these blind admirers of success, but, on the other hand, he accepted its results so far as to drink with Mr. Dartmoor whenever that gentleman asked him so to do; and these invitations had of late become frequent.

Mrs. Rutherford observed with alarm these visits of her husband to the "Rising Sun," and she distrusted his new-found host even more than she disliked his hospitalities; but in trivial matters, such as beer and purl—which is gin and beer—"honest John" took his own way and disregarded counsel.

One evening in November Mr. Richard Dartmoor pushed his liberality to the verge of profuseness by inviting Mr. Rutherford to supper at the "Rising Sun." The entertainment was given in the "private room"—an apartment cut off from the bar by a wooden partition that reached nearly to the ceiling, and which was reserved for visitors of distinction. Although John was his only guest, the repast was not only plentiful, but magnificent. There was soup, in the form of tripe, calves' liver by way of *entrée*, and for the *pièce de résistance* a bullock's heart. His guest was fond of what he was wont generically to describe as "innerds," and Dick had consulted his taste. "Sweets" were rather disregarded by the *habitués* of the establishment, but its *chef* had a way of stewing whelks that was considered perfection, and on this occasion he outdid himself. After the whelks the happy pair applied themselves to whiskey, tobacco, and conversation upon the topics of the day. After an exhaustive discourse upon the merits of Artemis, the question arose as to what sum her "stable" was likely to net by her if she should "pull off" the great stake; and from that the talk naturally glided to pecuniary matters in general.

"It's a great thing, let me tell you, Mr. Rutherford," said Dick, stretching out his legs, and thrusting his hands into his pockets—which was now a favorite trick with him: it pleased him to find they didn't come through—"it's a great thing to have a hatful of money."

"I have no doubt of it whatever," answered his companion, expelling a huge column of smoke, and watching it rise to the ceiling with much apparent interest. "As for myself, I have often had the hat, but never the shiners."

"Well, I *have*," returned Dick. Here he leaned forward, and added, in a mysterious whisper, "Now what would you say if I said I had a matter of—well, I won't say how much—to do as I like with?"

"If you don't tell me how much, how can I know what to say?" answered John, not disputatively, but with the quiet air of a man who feels that logic is on his side.

"Anyhow, I'm rich, Rutherford; that is, as compared with what I was. That's something, ain't it? Now what do you say to *that?*"

"Well," replied John, wishing to be polite, and certainly to avoid giving expression to any uncomplimentary surmises upon this point, "I say it is a rum go."

"Yes, it is, Mr. Rutherford; and what makes it a still rummer go is this, that I have the power of making things very comfortable for somebody else—let us say yourself, for instance."

"Well, you've done it," said John, waving his hand round the apartment, in which the fragrant stuffing of the bullock's heart still mingled with the aroma of the whiskey: "you have made me most uncommon comfortable."

"Pooh! that's nothing, man," returned the other, contemptuously, "to what I *can* do for you, and what I mean to do, if you only show a grain of gumption."

"Ah, that depends," replied John, either from natural modesty, or from the remembrance that the sagacious Sally had often denied to him the quality alluded to.

"To begin with, there's a five-pound note, my man, which I have been told to hand over to you by one the color of whose money you have seen already."

John took the note—not without some excitement—and held it up against the light of the two candles which graced the board.

"The water-mark seems all right," he said.

"Of course it's right: everything is right as the capting does, you may take your oath: he's a gentleman, he is, every inch."

"It seems so, indeed," said John, assentingly, and having quite satisfied himself of the genuineness of the article in question. "And what am I to do for this pretty bit of flimsy?"

"Nothen," said Dick, triumphantly, and crossing his legs; "it's yourn for good and all: and no questions asked."

"Then tell the captin, with my love," said John, putting the note in his pocket, "that I shall be happy to do the same work for him, on the same terms, as long as he lives."

"Ah, well, it won't be quite that," returned Dick, "but it is very little more in the way of work, and it will be a very great deal more in the way of wage."

"How much?" inquired the other.

"A matter of a hundred pounds."

"That's a long figure," observed Mr. Rutherford, blowing not only the smoke, but a considerable quantity of the air of his lungs, into space.

"Yes, and the money down," continued Mr. Dartmoor: "none of your promises to pay, nor bills, nor such like, but twenty notes like that, paid into the palm of your 'and."

Mr. Rutherford looked at his hand, as if in some doubt as to whether it was a fit receptacle for such a sum. "And the work, Mr. Dartmoor?" said he, after a long pause. "What is the trifling service as I am expected to do for the captin for the wage?"

"It's merely to stop your keb in a certain place, and then drive on again."

"Then I'll take the mare out—because she's a jibber, and will do it forty times and think nothing of it," replied John, cheerfully. "You may count on that little matter as settled."

"Now don't be a fool, Rutherford: be serious," argued Dick, with some irritation. "It's not a joking matter, let me tell you, nor anything like it."

"I beg your pardin," said honest John, with gravity. "I thought, from what you said about the thing being so very trifling, that it *was* a bit of a joke. It ain't thieving, is it?"

"Hush—h!" said Dick, holding up his finger, and glancing apprehensively toward the top of the wooden partition; "don't never use such words as that. Do you think I'd ask an honest man like you to do anything agin the law? I've too much regard for you, Mr. Rutherford—and for your missus."

"I'll tell her," said John, "what you so kindly say, and likewise all about it."

"What? You would not be such a fool as that, surely?" exclaimed Dick, in unmistakable alarm. "Why, that fi'-pound note was give you in order, whatsumever happened, and whether you proved game or not, as you was to be mum about it."

"Then there *was* a little work to do for it, after all, Mr. Dartmoor, if it was but to hold my tongue?" observed John, with the air of a discoverer. "Well, that ain't easy work for some people, but fortunately it is for me. I'll never say a word, I promise you, whatever happens."

"I know'd it, Rutherford: I know'd you were a right good fellow," said Dick, soothingly. "Now the fact is this: we wants you to help us in a little bit of fun—that's the best way to put it—in a little bit of fun—with Mr. Helston."

"Ah, indeed!" said John. "What ladies and genelmen call a practical joke, eh?"

"Just so, old fellow. The capting knows Mr. Helston; is, indeed, a sort of friend of his; so, you see, it's all upon the square. You drives him o' nights to Moor Street now and then, don't you?"

"Yes, I drives him to Moor Street."

"And on again, after that, to Poulet Street?"

"I does."

"Between them streets, and not much out of your way, lies Grain Place, don't it—a very quiet sort of spot?"

"Grain Place? And 'not much out of my way,'" returned the other, musingly. "Well, if it was a hordinary fare, Mr. Dartmoor, as was going between Moor Street and Poulet Street, and wanted to call in Grain Place, I should stick on somethin' extra."

"Of course you would, Mr. Rutherford. Still, as a matter of fact, it ain't out of the way—it's *in* the way."

"Well, yes, I have druv through it occasionally," admitted John, "on these very trips."

"Just so. Now the next time you go to Moor Street, after having given me the office—I mean as to which night it will be—just you stop in Grain Place on your road to the City. I'll give you the number of the house another time."

"And what am I to do when I do stop?"

"Nothin'; everything will be done by other people. There will be some friends of Mr. Helston waiting for him there."

"And for what he has got with him in the keb, I suppose?" suggested Mr. Rutherford, slowly.

"Perhaps: that's neither here nor there. You've got nothing to do with *that*. It's a dark night; the snow is falling, perhaps; your horse falls lame, or you fancy he does, just opposite that very 'ouse—it's merely a coincidence. Your fare suddenly finds himself in the hands of his friends, and he goes in-doors with them to make a night of it. What have you got to do with that? Nothing. You have only to stop your keb in a certain place—and then go on again. And you will be paid a hundred pounds."

"And you think that story will satisfy the police, do you, when Mr. Matthew Helston is missing, and they come to me to make inquiries?" inquired Mr. Rutherford, sucking at his pipe, as his custom was when deeply moved, and staring fixedly at his interlocutor. "It seems to me that I shall be the first one took up."

"Why, what had *you* to do with it? You will say that Mr. Helston went in of his own accord like into the house in Grain Place, and of course you did not notice the number."

"It's too risky by half, Mr. Dartmoor."

"It's not: there's not a ha'p'orth of risk about it. Just turn it over in your mind."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECCENTRIC RETURNS.

MR. COWDEN CLARKE tells a story of a gentleman whose "return" of his income to the tax commissioners ran: "For the last three years my income has been somewhat under one hundred and fifty pounds; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

Sometimes official inquirers get more information than they desire. At the taking of the last census, an enumerator in South Ayrshire received from a miner the following conscientious return. We give it verbatim, only altering the names: "Thomas Moran boren In ireland county of armaugh Silver Brige eage 303 years. To the best of my nolege i Am that eage, and i am married the secent time the furst wife Mary Conolly be longed to ireland in county armaugh the Secent Wife be longed to County Dereay hur name was elen M'Ghee Now hur name is elen Moran but she run a way From me five years and ten months since and i dont now wheare she is for if she is Dead or not i havent hard from hur since but if she is Dead I think she wood have sent me woard before now my father was a Farmer and had a great power of land in ireland and when i came to scotland it was a navey i was working In the Coll Pitt but sure i am not working no place now for i got my lege broken 5 weeks and 3 days since gon to morrow. Rosey Moran my sister be longing to ireland is Marred and hur name now is Misses Cross and her age is 205 years and she has Fore of a family the oulest Is tomas Cross 7 years of eage and boren in ireland newery County armaugh Mary Cross eaged 6 years gen the sevene day of augest Boren in ireland County of armaugh Elsie Cross eaged Fore years gen the 10t May Boren in newcastle england Clety Cross eaged 1 yere and 9 month gen Saturdeay Boren in newery ireland and the father of them is Able Cross boren in england eaged 40 years and was a soger and sarved his Quane and his country 201 years now in the Pit Working and all that sins this paper is catholecks." Glancing over this extraordinary schedule, the enumerator remarked to the miner that he seemed to have a rather large household, to which the surprised man replied, "Sure and there's just meself!"

That was more than could be said by the honest farmer of Caithness, who, recording the births of his children in the Family Bible, wrote: "Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jemmy was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the sodgers. The twins, Willie and Marget, was born the day Sanny Bremner bigget his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover. Forbye, the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night the kiln gaed on fire, six years syne. David was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies."

The Irishman's peculiar method of retaining the nothings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. A census schedule from an English village was dated "April the 3, 18701," and purported to give all the necessary information regarding the family of a farm laborer "aged 305," whose roof, according to his account, also sheltered a widow "aged 704."

An insurance agent, seeing that a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" by making the one a hundred and twelve years and the other a hundred and two years old, congratulated him on coming of such a very long-lived family. "Oh," said the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but if living would be aged as there put down."

There is nothing like exactness. An officer, having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses, put down the item, "Porter, *6d.*"—an item struck out by the War-office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteenpence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "porterage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "porterage," but for the future would do so, and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COULD conjugal affection be more strictly displayed than it is in the subjoined? "And so, doctor, you think my wife will get well?" "I am sure of it, if you can persuade her to take this dose." "Doctor, take it she shall, if I have to break every bone in her body."

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience?—Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

VISITOR. "Lor, how did it happen?"

MRS. O'BLARNEY (*the nurse, whose patient has had a relapse*). "Will, now, she wor a-gittin' on foinely, she wor, whin all av a suddint she tuk a wiolent cold. No one cudn't tell how it happened, but it is me belafe they gev her gruel out av a damp basin."

"Yes, certainly," said a young man to an old bachelor uncle, who was about to marry; "settle as much on your young wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow! may not have a penny." The marriage didn't come off, and the young man fell heir to his uncle's estate.

LADY. "Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken."

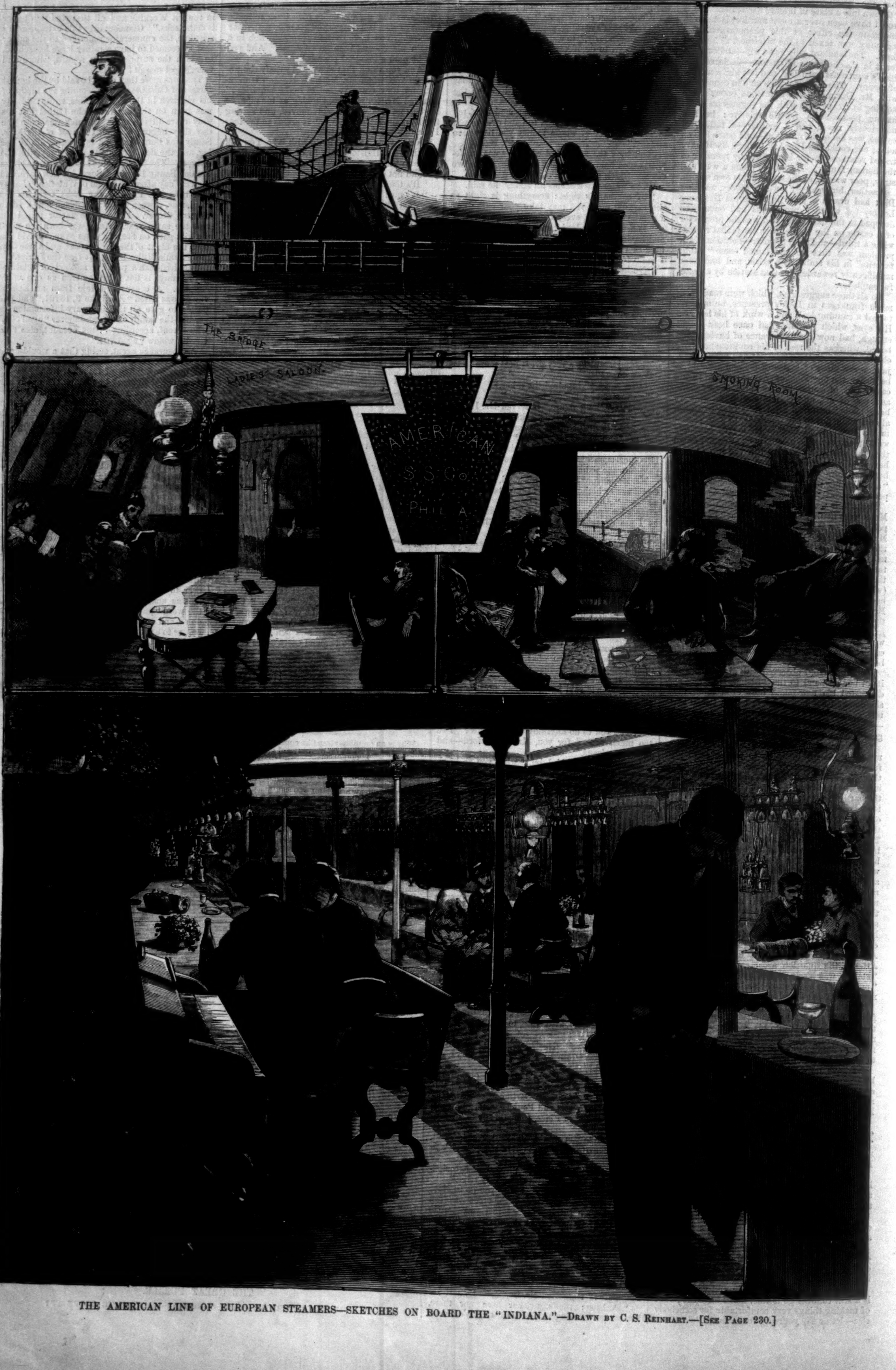
UPHOLSTERER. "Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is that some one must have been sitting on them."

However much a pawnbroker's shop may be crowded, it is always a loan-sum place.

The reason that policemen are given to sleep on their posts may be found in their legal right to ar-*rest*.

"Zephaniah," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

THE GREAT PUZZLE.
PILOTS OR PIRATES—WILL CONGRESS BE ABLE TO SOLVE IT?



THE AMERICAN LINE OF EUROPEAN STEAMERS—SKETCHES ON BOARD THE "INDIANA."—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 230.]

OUR YANKEE NOTION.

U. S. (*la Belle Sauvage*). "Bon voyage! au revoir! Count FÉRDINAND DE LESSEPS. Don't go home with the impression THAT I DON'T RULE OVER HERE."

HOW BALDHEADS ARE CHEATED.

PERHAPS the worst of baldness, as of poverty, is that it "makes men ridiculous." Not, perhaps, if they will calmly accept the situation, and cease to trouble themselves about their want of hyacinthine locks. But to reach this philosophical frame of mind it is almost necessary to be either more or less than human; and, as a rule, the approach of baldness is looked upon with uneasiness and aversion. That the bald are not by any means resigned to their fate, and that they are animated by a very natural desire to regain their lost hair, indeed, is sufficiently proved by the number of preparations for the cure of baldness which are everywhere offered for sale. The money spent by the bald in seeking to get back what can never return to them must amount in the aggregate to an enormous sum.

There are hair-dressers who profess themselves able to cure baldness; and there are some who will go so far as to engage to cure it, and who are ready to postpone all question of payment until after the cure shall have been effected. There is, moreover, a French pharmaceutical society which offers to clothe the naked head with its natural covering on the system of payment by results. It would be interesting—at least to us the bald—to know what results, if any, are obtained through the efforts of this truly benevolent association. Private practitioners, however, in the same line of business have a very simple method by which, while asserting their intention to receive no money until after a cure shall have been effected, they manage to get money, and yet effect no cure. "Let me examine your head. How old are you? have you lived several years in India? did you ever have a fever?" asks the professor of the art or science of curing baldness, when the patient calls upon him for the first time. "I thought so," he sagaciously remarks, if any one of his speculative inquiries as to the origin of the visitor's baldness meets with an affirmative reply. Asked whether "anything can be done," the professor answers that the case is a most hopeful one. "Your hair," he probably says, "will not be quite so thick as it was when you were one-and-twenty; but after a few weeks' treatment, no portion of your cranium will be left bare." The professor begins by cutting off a certain amount of loose hair, which he declares, with apparent justice, to be "wanting in vitality." He then rubs some acid over the denuded surface, with the view, as he puts it, of "reviving the circulation." The patient departs with a brisk sensation at the top of his head, and returning to the professor's after an interval of two days, has the friction repeated. This sort of business goes on for a week or so, until, one happy day, the professor, after examining the scene of his operations with a microscope, cries out, with an expression of joy which is intended to be communicative, that hair is coming! A few days more, and the coming hair can, he boldly asserts, be distinguished with the naked eye. He even makes a pretense of cutting it, "so that the young growths may come up again with renewed strength." This interesting system of comiculture is continued for a week or two, until at last the professor exclaims that the new hair is coming on admirably, and that your head will soon be like a mop, and the professor is so elated with what he evidently regards as a thoroughly successful case, that when he suggests that the time has come for giving him a small douceur by way of acknowledgment, and that he would like half a sovereign, you hand him that sum without a murmur. The first act is now at an end, and the second about to begin. Your friends, and especially the members of your own family, on having the secret imparted to them that your head is gradually assuming the appearance of a mop, smile derisively, and you yourself, on viewing the situation calmly with the aid of two looking-glasses, are inclined to think that their smiles are something more than the expression of envy and jealousy. You maintain, nevertheless, your own private opinion as to the beneficial effect of the professor's applications and frictions, and, full of confidence, you go to see him on the next appointed day. This time the professor is by no means exuberant in his joy. He is glad to see you; but he regrets to observe that your "new hair" is not getting on so well as might have been expected. And the worst of it is that you have now reached the critical stage, when, if the new hair does not grow rapidly and strongly, it will not grow at all. He brings out his microscope, however, manipulates the barren patches which are supposed to be covered with new hair, and is determined to do on your behalf all that art can prompt or nature tolerate. At last, with a look of anxiety, the professor inquires whether you would have any objection to undergoing an operation which would be attended with considerable pain and perhaps a certain amount of danger. Asked for particulars, he explains that he possesses a powerful acid which, rubbed into the top of your head, would remove therefrom every particle of hair, and at the same time a good portion of skin; but that, this difficult and delicate process once finished, there will be a fair chance of your head's becoming covered with a new skin more favorable to the growth of hair than the skin actually belonging to it. You see that the comedy is finished. According to your temperament and mood, you laugh or lose your temper, resort to sarcasms or indulge in abuse. The end is the same in any case: you put on your hat and go. You have visited the professor four or five times, and have paid him half a sovereign. Had you simply gone to him to have your hair cut, he would have pocketed of your money only from two shillings to half a crown.

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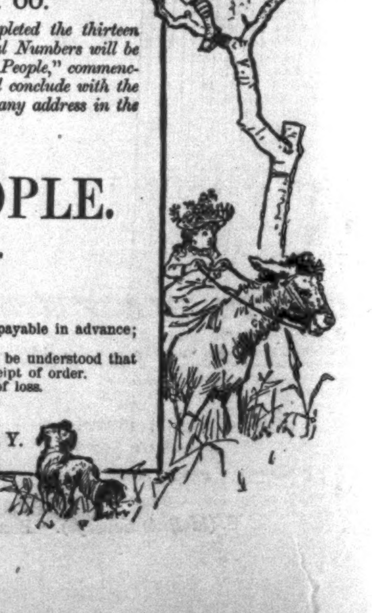

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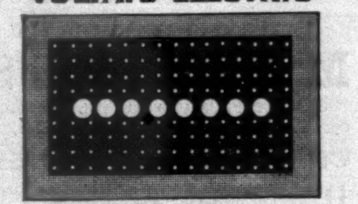

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